

*The Unfortunate Lovers:*

---

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
ARGALUS  
AND  
PARTHENIA.

---

*In Four Books.*

---

Adorn'd with Cuts.

---

London: Printed by W. O. and sold by  
the Booksellers.

5

307



\*

1163a.39



BRITISH  
21 JUL 1918  
MUSEUM

The Renowned  
**ARGALUS and PARTHENIA.**



SEE the fond Youth! he Burns, he Loves, he Dyes,  
 He wishes as he Pines, and feeds his famish'd Eyes  
 Parthenia makes Returns of equal Fire,  
 And Burns as well as he, with warm Desire.  
 Thus to the distant Pole the Needle turns,  
 And Trembles as it Loves, and there for ever Burns.  
 Not all the blacker Ills that Lovers fear,  
 Could part the Happy, yet Unhappy Pair:  
 Not Parents, Jealousy, nor all the Rival Woes  
 Which a young Lover feels, and which he only knows  
 Their wondrous Loves the following Sheets convey  
 Let others learn to Love as Constantly as they.

THE  
HISTORY

OF  
ALGALS

PART I



ALGALS

London: Printed by W. & A. G. & Co. 1845

THE  
PREFACE  
TO THE  
READER.

Courteous Reader,

**I** Need not tell thee how Universally the History of Argalus and Parthenia has obtain'd in the World; the many Impressions that have been done of it in Verse, sufficiently evince it: Nor cou'd any thing less be expected from the Product of so celebrated an Author as the Immortal Sir Philip Sidney, whose Original Thought it was: Mr. Quarles having only Transplanted it out of the Arcadian Plains into the Garden of the Muses; where, tho' it has flourish'd very well, yet I doubt not but it will thrive much better in its Original Soil: And how much sееver a Poetical Version may please some Readers, I doubt not but its Native Garb will become it much better: Which, at the Desire of some Persons (whose Judgment I could not mistrust, and whose Importunity I could not deny) I have here attempted: But how well I have perform'd it, I must leave to the Judgment of the Impartial Reader.

## To the Reader.

As to the History it self, it is extremely Pleasant and Entertaining; and furnishes the Reader with so many passionate Declamations upon several (I may say all) Occasions, that it may well be fill'd, The Lovers Common Place Book; where they may find something suitable to their Purpose upon all Occasions: As for Instance, Is any one restless under the Wounds he has receiv'd by Cupid's Arrows, and knows not how to move in order to a Cure? Let him see what Demagoras says upon that Topick. Wou'd he try the Power of his Rhetorick to his fair Mistress? Let him read Demagoras his Address to Parthenia. Wou'd a young Lady be instructed how to give a cold Entertainment to an Unwelcome and Importunate Lover? Let her peruse Parthenia's Answer to Demagoras his Unwelcome Courtship. Or, are there any cross'd in their Love by their Parents, who had rather Marry them to one that's Wealthy, than to one they Love? Here they may see the dire Contrivances of such old Beldams to obtain their Ends, and make their Children Miserable: And how with fair Parthenia to dissuade them from their intended wicked Purposes. Or wou'd you see what an Exchange of Hearts true Love does make betwixt two constant Lovers, and what a Symmetry there is between them; and how they are the same in all Events? Read but what pass'd between  
Parthenia

Part  
may  
and  
ous  
the  
in t  
it is  
him  
thin  
the  
cip  
con  
mu  
W  
An

## To the Reader.

Parthenia and her dearest Argalus, and you may there behold the Mirror of unspotted Love, and of unshaken-Constancy. In short, the various Passions of the Soul, under the strangest and the most surprizing Accidents, are here express'd in the most soft and melting Accents: So that it is impossible for one to read it, and not to make himself a Party. But I will not insist on these things, lest I should make the Portal bigger than the Building. And will therefore, without anticipating the Reader's Expectations any further, conclude my Epistle, with wishing he may find as much Contentment in the Reading, as I did in the Writing of this Pleasant and Delightful History. And so

Farewel.



## A Catalogue of Books, &c.

- **T**he famous and pleasant History of Parismus,  
 1. Valiant and Renowned Prince of Bohemia :  
 In Three Parts. Part I. Containing his triumphant  
 Battles fought against the Persians, his Love to the  
 beautiful Laurana, the great Dangers he passed in  
 the Island of Rocks ; and his strange Adventures in  
 the Desolate Island, &c. Part II. Containing the Ad-  
 venturous Travels, and noble Chivalry of Parisme-  
 nos, the Knight of Fame, with his Love to the fair  
 Princess Angella, the Lady of the Golden Tower,  
 &c. part III. Containing the admirable Adventures  
 and truly heroick Atchievements of Parismetides,  
 the Knight of the Golden Star, with his Love to the  
 fair Astrea, Princess of Austracia, with other strange  
 Adventures. Price Bound 1 s.

2. The most pleasing and delightful History of  
 Reynard the Fox, and Reynardine his Son : In two  
 Parts. With Morals to each Chapter, explaining  
 what appears Doubtful or Allegorical ; every Chap-  
 ter being illustrated with a curious Device, or Pic-  
 ture, representing to the Eye all the most material  
 Passages. Translated from the Original by J. S. To  
 which is added, The History of Keywood the Rook,  
 &c. Price Bound 1 s.

3. The Compleat Book of Knowledge : Treating  
 of the Wisdom of the Ancients ; shewing the various  
 and wonderful Operations of the Signs and Planets,  
 and other celestial Constellations, on the Bodies of  
 Men, Women, and Children ; and the mighty Influ-  
 ences they have upon those that are born under them.  
 To which is added, The Country Man's Kalendar ;  
 Containidg his Daily Practice, and perpetual pro-  
 gnostications for Weather ; together with a Cata-  
 logue of all the Market towns, Fairs, and Roads in  
 England and Wales: Compiled by Erra stater, a Jew,  
 Doctor in Astronomy and Physick, born in Judea,  
 made English by W. Lilly, Student in Physick and  
 Astrology. Price Bound 1 s.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF

*Argalus and Parthenia.*

*The first Book.*

C H A P. I.



**I**N Greece, which was once the great Theatre of Arms and Arts, there is no Province more beholden to Nature for the Fertility of the Soil, and the Pleasantness of the Air, than the Province of *Arcadia*,  
B 5 whose

whose flow'ry Plains produc'd those rich and weighty Fleeces, which were the Boast of the Arcadian Shepherds: So that no Country was more fit for Grazing, and for Pasturage, as all our Cosmographists do inform us. Nor was't more fam'd for the Sweetness of its Air, and other Benefits of Nature, with which it was so plentifully stor'd, than for the well-temper'd Mind of its Inhabitants, who finding the shining Title of Glory, which is so eagerly thirsted after by other Nations, does yet contribute but little to the Happiness of Life, did by their Justice and Moderation give no Temptations to their Neighbours to disturb them, being not ambitious of the Goods and Fortunes of others but rested contented with their own Acquisitions, using no other Means but Industry and Frugality to support and maintain their own Patrimonies: And even the Muses themselves seem'd to approve of their Conduct; and therefore chose this Country for the Place of their Residence diffusing so large a Share of their Perfections amongst em, that even the very Shepherds have been fam'd for their sublime Composures, whose high Flights of Fancy have exceeded whatever has been done by those who have had the greatest Vogue for Learning in other Countries. But nothing gave *Arcadia* a greater Renown, than that it was the Native Coun-

Country of the fair *Parthenia*; a Lady so fair, that Fairness took its Name from her, and only was accounted such, so far as it resembled her, for nothing could be fairer; and yet that which surmounted all, and made her Fairness much the fairer; was, That all that dazzling Beauty she was Mistress of, and all those outward Graces that adorn'd her, was only the fair Index of her fairer Mind; whose Wisdom as well as Wit, and piercing Judgment, shew'd it self on all Occasions: For tho' she was witty, yet her Wit delighted more to judge it self, than to shew it self; her Speech was but little, yet when she spoke, nothing cou'd be more to the Purpose; and her Silence was always without Sullenness; as was her Modesty without Affectation. But, alas! should I go about to Emblazon all *Parthenia's* peerless Perfections, I should bring my self into such a Labyrinth, that I should not know how to extricate my self; so fast each several Beauty wou'd be crowding in upon me to be first delineated: Let it suffice to say, That in her Face Love sat enthron'd with Majesty and Sweetness, and thence sent forth such glorious and surprising Rays, as made her justly esteem'd the Wonder of the Age she liv'd in; and made all think, that in so fine a Composition, Nature must have exhausted all her Treasures: In fine, she was the very Model of

The Renowned History of  
of Heaven, the Triumph of Nature, and the  
Soul of Beauty ; in whom all the Graces, as  
in their proper Center, kept their Residence :  
And after all that I have said, she was far  
more than I can say of her.

*Parthenia* being all, and more than I have  
said, you will not wonder that her Fame was  
spread not only thero' all *Arcadia*, but even  
as far as Fame's wide-mouth'd Trumpet  
cou'd proclaim it. And in the Arcadian  
Plains, no Shepherd made a Song, but fair  
*Parthenia* was the Burden of it. And well  
it might be so, for she indeed was such a  
Subject as was able to inspire the dullest  
Muse. And sure it was impossible to see her,  
and not love her ; so much did she attract  
the Eyes and Hearts of all Beholders.

The Fame of *Parthenia*'s Beauty reach'd  
among others a Laconian Lord ; who, tho'  
a Borderer on *Arcadia*, had nothing in him  
of the Genius of that happy People ; nor  
any thing to recommend him, but his Power  
and Riches, which in the Eyes of some, per-  
haps might gild o're other Imperfections :  
He was of Nature proud and haughty, stern  
and cruel ; and resolutely bent upon his own  
Will, which he wou'd do any thing, tho' ne-  
ver so unjust to obtain : His Stature some-  
what tall, but his Body spare and wan ; thick  
shoulder'd, hollow cheek'd, his Visage thin  
and meagre ; his Countenance ghastly, and his

## Argalus and Parthenia.

5

his Face swarthy, and his whole Body of a tawney Complection. His rouling Eyes sunk deeply in his head, and by the horrid fire that issu'd from 'em, shew'd the fiercer Nature of the owner of 'em; who certainly was the Reverse of all that might be termed Good, extenuating still what others did, because it was not in his Power to do it; for this was still his Property, to be maligning all Mens Actions, that thereby he might magnifie his own. For being destitute himself of all that's good, he would have had others seem'd so too, that so he might be thought the better. But as himself was one that hated all Men, so his Conditions were belov'd of none. Such was *Demagoras*, for so this Lord was call'd; whose Name we shall have cause to mention often in our History.

The Fame of fair *Parthenia's* Beauty (that as I said had reach'd the Ears of this Lacedaemonian Lord) unseen had made such an Impression in his Heart, that he resolv'd to have a Sight of her, and see whether or no Report had done her Justice; which if he found it had, he was resolv'd to make his Love to her; not doubting but his Wealth and Greatness, (for he had nothing else to do it) wou'd sufficiently recommend him to her Favour, or at least, to that of her Mother's, whom he doubted not she wou'd obey, (for the Fame of her Vertue was equal to that of her Beauty).



The Renowned History of  
ty) and she, *Demagoras* knew was more ready  
to be taken with those Blandishments

With these Resolves and Hopes *Demagoras*  
goes to see *Parthenia*; and was, at the first  
sight of her, both confounded and surpriz'd!  
What he had seen, so far out-did whatever  
he had heard, he seem'd like one struck with  
a Thunderbolt; the glaring Beams of so  
much Beauty overcame him; and made him  
curse the time that caus'd him to adventure  
upon a Sight so fatal; and struck him with  
an Awe he never before had been acquainted  
with: Which made him thus begin to reason  
with himself:

Ah foolish and accurs'd *Demagoras*! how  
dearly art thou like to pay for thy vain Cu-  
riosity! How has one Look undone thee!  
O never, never, never to be cur'd! Say I  
have done amiss, what then? has Heaven  
no easier Plagues than this to punish me  
withal? If I have stolen Fire from Heaven,  
so did *Prometheus* too; and yet his Punishment  
to mine's a Pleasure: Why, since our Faults  
be so alike, shon'd we be punish'd so unequal-  
ly? Where's now your Justice, ye Superiour  
Powers, so differently to punish the same  
Crime? Either be just, or else resign your  
Power: Why do you lead such Angels down  
from Heaven, to make poor Mortals gaze  
and be undone! Or if she be from Earth,  
why c'nt she wounded too, and made to feel  
Love's

Love's Power, as well as I? Put ah! in  
vain do I implore your Aid, who are the  
highest Agents in my Pain. Alas, 'tis vain  
for me to ask your help; for only she that  
made the Wound can cure it. 'Tis you, Di-  
vine *Parthenia*, you only can apply that So-  
vereign Balsam that can give me Ease. O  
that your wounding Eyes had had less Power,  
or that I never had seen 'em! For when I  
first beheld 'em, I read the History of my  
Ruin there: Ruin that's unavoidable; for  
neither Heaven nor Hell can salve my Sores:  
No, no, 'tis only fair *Parthenia's* Hand that  
can apply that Plaister. But why, why do  
I thus Exulcerate my Distemper? Can there  
be Ease in adding to my Torments? Or en't  
*Parthenia's* Cruelty enough, but I must bring  
fresh Torments of my own? Then rouse  
thy self *Demagoras*; and for Shame do not  
debase thy self below Humanity; but heark-  
en to the Advice that Reason gives: Abandon  
not thy self to black despair; remember 'tis  
a Woman that has wounded thee, and from  
a Woman thou may'st hope for cure; espe-  
cially from such a One as the divine *Par-  
thenia*, in whom there's nothing looks like  
Cruelty: Besides, since Woman first of all  
was made for Man; and since *Parthenia* is a  
Woman, how can'st thou tell she is not made  
for thee? 'Tis true, she has an Angel's Shape,  
and Heaven it self sits smiling on her Brow;

yet

yet she's a Woman still, and Flesh and Blood as well as thou thy self art : And who can tell but that her Heart may burn as well as thine, and burn for thee too: Up then, *Demagoras*, and let *Parthenia* know the Strength of her own Beauty in the Greatness of thy Passion : Move forward then, and let her know how fierce the Fire of Love burns in thy Breast, before it quite consume thee.

*Thy Work's half perfected when once begun :*

*She's but a Woman therefore may be won.*

*Demagoras* having thus argu'd himself into a Resolution of making his Passion known to *Parthenia*, he made his present Uneasiness thereby somewhat the more easie, resolving (tho' but newly lifted under *Cupid's* Banner) not to fly before he had fac'd his Enemy, nor to sink under the greatness of the Wound he had receiv'd, whilst there was any probability or hopes of Cure. And therefore to the House of *Parthenia's* Mother, (to whom his Quality gave him a free Access) he soon found an Opportunity to make his Addresses to the divine *Parthenia*; which he did in the following manner, as he found her walking all alone in the Garden :

*Fairest of Creatures !*

If my rude Tongue in its Endeavours to make known my Passion, thou'd too too much impose upon your Goodness, and do your reverence wrong, it is your Beauty you must only

## Argalus and Parthenia.

9

only blame: It was those Eyes, those tempting Eyes of yours, that forc'd my Tongue to speak; which if it thou'd not do, my Heart must burst; and therefore 'tis that from your Hand alone, I seek that Cure which none but you can give, to you alone I therefore sue for Help, which if you grant me not, I must despair. Then crown my Joys, thou Source of all my Hopes, and be as merciful as thou art fair: Nature, the Bounty of whose liberal Hand made thee the Jewel of *Arcadia*, intended in so rare a Master-piece, to boast a Jewel that should nev'r be hid; for Jewels hid, are only Jewels lost: Shine then, and rob not Nature of her due; but as she has honoured you, so honour her: And let not her chief Glory be immur'd, in the nice Casket of a Maiden-head. With-hold not what thou should'st communicate; she lives in vain that leads a single Life: Give me thy Heart then, and for that rich Gift, lest thou should'st want a Heart, I'll give thee mine: A Heart that's with true Love as richly fraught, as thine with Vertue, or thine Eyes with Beauty: Frown not, *Parthenia*, nor let that fair Brow, Heaven made so smooth, one Wrinkle now discover: But let the brighter Sun-shine of thine Eyes encourage thy Adorer with one Smile: One amorous Glance wou'd calm my troubled Soul. Speak, dear *Parthenia*, and pronounce my Doom; disclose those ruby Lips,

Lips, and grant my Suit; or if thy doubtful Mind be unresolved, let me interpret Silence for Consent. Nor do I ask thy Love as one insolvent, or undeserving of so great a Favour. Let not the humble Posture that I sue in, cause thee to have a less Esteem of me, than what my real Worth does truly merit. My Thoughts indeed descend below themselves, to let *Parthenia* see how much I love her. For Queens have sued to him who courts your Favour; Nay, more, the greatest Beauties of all Greece have oft contended who should have the Honour of being Wife to me, the great *Demagoras*. But what they sought in vain for, here I offer, and freely lay at fair *Parthenia's* Feet:

*Speak then, my Love, and let thy Mind make That I am either thine, or not my own.* [known] This Speech of the Laconian Lord was no more grateful to *Parthenia's* Ears, than a Raven's Croakings, or the Screech Owl's Voice; no wonder then it made the Lillies of her Face withdraw, and gave the Roses an Ascendant there; her Blushes shew'd how much she was surpriz'd, and with what Coldness 'twas that she receiv'd *Demagoras* his unexpected Courtship. But fearing he shou'd take her Silence to be a tacit Yielding to his Suit, she thought it proper to make some Reply: And therefore, breaking her long-kept angry Silence, thus she spake:

My

*My Lord*

Altho' your Oratory's great, it nev'r can make me Conscious of that Worth, to which, with so much Rhetorick, you pretend to pay so great a Difference. For thou'd I think what you have said were true, you well might think me as foolish, as you call me fair: nor is't worth while, Sir, to vie Courtship with me, for that's a thing I nev'r had any Skill in: I am too young, too ignorant to play at any Game where Hearts are set at Stake. Besides, the Loss must sure be very great, where such as win can hardly save themselves. You crave my Heart, my Lord; but if you were acquainted with it half so well as I am, your Lordship wou'd esteem it not worth having: For my poor Heart, alas! is much too small to fill the Concave of so large a Breast, whose Thoughts can scorn the amorous Desires of Love sick Queens, and can requite the fair, tho' factious Suits of Ladies with disdain. Stoop not so low beneath your worthy self, as once to think upon *Parthenia*: I let not so poor a Name stain your fair Lips, whose Merits claim a transcendant Fortune. Call down *Jove's* winged Pursivant above, and give his Tongue your far more powerful Rhetorick, that so he may enchant some easie Goddess in your high Name to treat about a Marriage befitting so sublime a Mind as yours; and fill the fruitful Earth with He-  
roes,



rees, sprung from so great, from so divine a Birth, which poor *Parthenia's* Heart could nev'r aspire to : Her Home-bred Thoughts durst nev'r yet desire so fond an Honour, nor had so much Pride to hope for what had been deny'd to Queens. Therefore, my Lord, be wise as you are great, and never sue for what's so much below you : Advance your noble Thoughts to their full height, and scorn to stoop unto a Lure so low : Be more your own, and then you'll less be mine.

## C H A P. II.

*Demagoras being troubled at Parthenia's Answer, attempts to kill himself; but considering better, sollicitus Parthenia's Mother to be his Advocate; to which she agrees. Her Speech to Parthenia, and her Reply.*

**D**emagoras, perceiving how sharply *Parthenia* had turn'd back his Thraasonical Boasts upon him, &c. look'd like a guilty Prisoner on whom offended Justice had late pass'd her Doom; who standing trembling by, and being hopeless to prevail, begs not for Mercy at the Judge's Hands, but drags his Ions to the loathsome Jayl, and there sends for his Friends to see if by a quick Reprieve, a few Days more may yet be added to the Wretch's Life : Just so it was with our *Demagoras*, whose fresh wounded Heart had lately felt the unexpected Burthen of *Parthenia's*

*Parthenia's* Doom; which so confounded him, he neither cou'd reply, nor take his leave; but most abruptly goes out of her Presence; and leaves her in the Garden all alone; she being better pleas'd to enjoy that Solitude, than to be troubl'd with his Company. Whilst he, in the mean time, revolves in his own Breast a thousand Ways by which he might obtain *Parthenia's* Love, but cou'd approve of none. He found his own Accomplishments were insufficient to make her meet him with an equal Flame; and that what he thought the most powerful Argument, she slighted most, which was, his Wealth and Greatness. But recollecting, that *Parthenia* was also Vestuous as well as Fair, and that she to her Mother always paid so great and so profound a Reverence, that if he cou'd engage her on his side, her Power over *Parthenia* employ'd on his behalf, wou'd quickly make her his. Besides, he knew those things on which he valu'd himself most, and which *Parthenia* made no Account of, wou'd most of all prevail upon her Mother, on whom the Wealth and Grandeur of the World had a far greater Influence. But whilst his raving Mind was wandring thus, his fierce misguided Passion drove his Steps to a near neighbouring Grove, in which grown mad to think how he'd been disappointed, he in his trembling Hand takes a Steeletto, which while he grip'd, like a distracted

fracted Person a Milk-white Froth had cover'd o're his Lips, and his fierce Eyes darted out Flames of Fire; whilst sometimes cursing Heaven, Himself, the Times, and sometimes railing at the proud *Parthenia*; he raves, despairs, and from his hated Head rends off th'intangled Hairs; Curses the Womb that bare him, bans the Fates, and, drunk with Spleen, thus gives his Passion vent:

Why die'st thou not, *Demagoras*, seeing Death has kindly put a Weapon in thy hand, which with one stab will put an end to thy Unhappiness: O can the whining Breath of Discontent and Passion send Relief to thy distracted Soul? Why movest thou not the Gods in thy behalf? Or why much rather, do'st not contemn and scorn their Power, and die! But stay, *Demagoras*, whom do'st thou complain of? 'Tis but a Woman; let her frown her Heart out; and shall a Woman's Frown have power to grieve thee? Or can her wanton Smiles give thee Relief? O let it not be said a Woman's Eye can make the stout *Demagoras* offer Violence to his beloved Self, and leave his Name to be enroll'd here, after i'th' Calander of Fools: Rouze up for Shame; call back thy wasted Spirits, whet thy Spleen sharp, and live to be revenged. Let her that wou'd not give thy Love Acceptance, drink of the bitter Portion of thy hate: Stir then the Sink of all thy Passion up; and  
where

where thou can'st not gain her by fairer Language, like *Tarquin*, over come her by Constraint. And —

But here, recollecting himself, and the Violence of his Rage being almost spent, he stops himself in his Career, and assuming his late Thoughts about *Parthenia's* Mother, resolves on safer and more moderate Counsels; and thus Expostulates the Matter with himself again :

Thou art too rash *Demogoras* : Hold thy Hand, abandon not thy self thus to Despair : Art gives Advantage oft, where Force can't help ; therefore suspend thy Fury : Thou hast as yet receiv'd but one Denial ; nor hast thou yet try'd any Means, besides revealing of thy Passion to her. *Parthenia's* Mother may receive thee kindly, and who knows but thou may'st make her thy Friend ? 'Tis only Diamonds that Diamonds cut; Then use thy Skill to bring her to thy side : Sweeten thy Lips with amorous Oratory; tell her how truly great thy Passion is : Extol *Parthenia's* Beauty to the Clouds, and shew how great a Deference thou pay'st to her illustrious and matchless Vertues; tell her, 'tis that chiefly overcame thee ; 'twas that that gave thy Heart its fatal Wound : Then see that with thy words thou minglest sighs; and if thou drop'st some Tears 'twill be the better :

Make

Make Vows of Love, and of Eternal Service : and tho' thou art forsworn, yet still swear on. And if thou art at a loss for want of Words, tell her thy Passion for *Parthenia's* such, that thou want'st Words to utter it, and 'tis thy Love for her benumbs thy Heart. Or if on the other hand thou speak'st too much, that must be attributed to *Parthenia* ; and 'twas Excess of Love that made thee speak so : But whilst thou do'st advance *Parthenia's* Virtues, be sure to celebrate her Mother's Praise ; and make the Education she has given her, contribute not a little towards it, for which commend her Wisdom and her Prudence ; for *Women* care not to hear others Praises, unless themselves may have a share on't too. When thus thou hast prepar'd her melting Ear to soft Attention, in the close of all, prefer thy sad Petition, and humbly pray she'd favour the sad State of a distressed Lover : since a Mother's Word may prevail more than all thy Sighs and Tears.

Thus did *Demagoras* lay the Scene of his intended Mischief ; and being thus resolved, was restless till what he had thus projected, was put in Execution. Withdrawing himself therefore from the Grove to which his frantick Rage had carried him, he makes haste to the Summer Palace, where *Parthenia's* Mother did at that time reside ; and boldly



boldly entering, does desire to speak with her. His Quality, well known to all her Servants, soon gain'd him an Admittance to their Lady, to whom *Demagoras* was not unknown: And being after mutual Salutation desired to Seat himself, he thus begins to break the Ice of his dissembled Grief.

*Madam*, The hopeful thriving of my Suit depends upon your Goodness, and recommends it self unto your Favour; and from your Hand alone expects its Sentence, either to stand or fall. Thrice three times has pale *Cynthia* fill'd her Horns with borrow'd Light, since these sad Beauty-blasted Eyes of mine have by a Light, of which your self the blest Original, been stricken blind, whose still continuing Smart hath wounded my poor Heart, and pierc'd my Soul: It is the fair *Parthenia*, whose divine and glorious Vertues led my Eyes to ruin: For like a wanton Fly, so long I've dallied with the Flame of her bright Beauty, till I have sing'd my Wings, nay burn'd my Heart. O *Madam*! if to love be held a Sin, the guilt Gods above (for they are fellow sinners with us Mortals, being guilty of the same Crime themselves) may easily pardon it. O thrice divine *Parthenia*, thou hast got a Privilege the Gods themselves can't claim. If thou hast doom'd this soathed Life of mine shall be a Sacrifice to Love and Beauty, yet let me



me be forgiven ere I dye, and then I'll welcome Death, that with one blow will kindly put an end to all my Miseries, and give that Ease which Life has still deny'd me. Madam, To whom in this deplored Condition, thou'd I appeal but you? To whom discover my dying Thoughts but unto you that gave Being to her, for whom I now must dye, unless your Intercession save my Life? For sure the Language of a Mother moves more than a Lovers Sighs and Tears can do. — And as he spake (as he'd before design'd it,) a well dissembled Tear dropp'd from his faithless Eyes.

The Lady mov'd with the fair Tale of the foul Demagoras, thus instantly replied :

*My honourable Lord,* If my too hasty Answer hath prevented what your great Passion would have vented farther, pardon my Haste, which in so rude a manner, sought only to divert you from your Passion. The Love you bear *Parthenia*, justly claims an Audience from me : In her Name, my Lord, (tho' from an absent Mind, as yet unknown,) I must return you Thanks, and add my own besides. The little Judgment that the Gods have lent her downy Years, does challenge the whole Freedom of her Choice, to be resign'd unto her Mother's Judgment. The sprightly Fancies of a Virgin's Mind, enter themselves, and always hate Confinement : The

hidden

hidden Embers of the Fire of Love they  
think fann'd up best by their own Desires :  
And like to *Dedalus's* Forge, if blown, burns  
dim and dies, but if not blown, it blazes :  
Lovers affect without being urg'd to it, that  
which being most perswaded to, they hate :  
My Lord, adjourn your Passion, and com-  
mit the Fortune of your Suit to time and  
her. A Lovers Mind is like unto a Pinnacle ;  
Fancy's the Sail, a Storm of Wind its uncon-  
trouled Passion ; the Steer-man's Reason,  
and its Doubts and Fears those Rocks and  
Sands that either split or swallow up the  
Vessel : Your Storm being great, do you,  
like a wise Pilot, bear little Sail, but strong-  
ly ply the Rudder. Leave then the Vio-  
lence of your Thoughts to me ; too hasty  
Gamesters oft o're look their Game : Go,  
court *Parthenia*, and let *Juno's* Blessing sup-  
press what'e're may contradict your Suit ;  
and if she shew but the least Inclination, I'll  
quickly blow the Sparks into a Flame. Go  
then, my Lord ; Lovers must lose no time :  
And may Victory and Success attend you.

*Demagoras*, meeting with this kind Recep-  
tion from the old Lady, did in the most  
submissive humble Posture, acknowledge the  
great Obligation she had put upon him, and  
blessing her that had thus far blessed him, he  
takes his leave of her. Glad in himself that  
he was likely now to prosecute his vowed

The Renowned History of  
 Revenge upon *Parthenia* for the Repulse she  
 gave him. For Pride and Cruelty were so  
 ingrafted in his Nature, that he could ne-  
 ver bear the least Affront, but would re-  
 venge it to the uttermost : Which to accom-  
 plish he wou'd dissemble all his Passions, and  
 pretend Love, only to keep his Hatred un-  
 discover'd.

The Sun was now declining to the West,  
 and being almost drowned in the Sea, cast  
 such a Damp upon our Hemisphere as sweet-  
 ly moistened and refreshed the Earth, and  
 made the Flowers send forth a greater Fra-  
 grancy ; which now invited fair *Parthenia's*  
 Mother to taste the perfumed Air's melliflu-  
 ous Sweetness, and spend the Evening in  
 those curious Walks which *Flora's* liberal  
 Hand had made so gay : And as she walk'd,  
 in her Mind revolved on what had past be-  
 tween her and *Demagoras* ; studying to bring  
 the Match about betwixt the rich Laconian  
 Lord and her fair Daughter. Casting about  
 which way to find the Bent of young *Par-  
 thenia's* Heart, and how she stood affected  
 towards him : Sometimes she thinks that one  
 Way's best to try the Experiment, and by  
 and by she fixes on another. One while she  
 reckons up *Demagoras's* Vertues ; and they,  
 alas ! are very quickly numbered, but soon  
 she fears lest he shou'd prove unkind, causes  
 her Mind to alter : And then she sets before  
 her

her all his Vices, and finds that they exceed the former, both in Weight and Number. Sometimes she calls to mind his Vows and Oaths, and then she thinks his Vows but Wind: Thus she dislikes and likes; varies her Thoughts; resolves and then resolves the contrary. One while she fears that his malignant Aspect will give *Parthenia* Cause to disaffect him. But then propounds to her ambitious Thoughts, his Wealth and Grandeur, and that covers all. While thus a Chaos of confused Thoughts roll'd in her Breast, she on a sudden spies the fair *Parthenia* spending the Treasure of an Evening's Hour within a lovely Arbour; there sat she reading the sad sweet Discourses of *Cerberus's* Love, the Mixtures of whose often-changed Fortune, had in her tender Heart begot a Sympathy, so that she felt the self-same Joy and Smart: She read and wept, and as she wept she smil'd, and reconcil'd the Extreams of Joy and Grief: She closed the Book, then straightways open'd it, and with a smiling Look pities the Lovers. Then musing for a while, she teaches Tears to smile, and Smiles to weep: At length discovers thus her broken Thoughts.

Unconstant State of poor distressed Lovers. Is all extream in Love? No Mean at all? No Draught indifferent? Either Gall or Honey? Hath *Cupid's* Universe no tem-

perate Zone? Alas, alas, poor Lovers beh  
Which Words she had no sooner follow'd to  
with a Sigh, but to her came her unexpected no  
Mother: With the Surprize of which, her to  
Colour went and came so visibly, that in Sa  
might easily be taken Notice of: And as she ro  
came to her with a smiling Countenance, so H  
much the more she blush'd; as being consci- ju  
ous her Mother had o'er-heard what she had sa  
said: The Smiling of the Mother, and the fe  
Daughter's Blushing were reciprocal: The v  
Daughter blush'd because the jealous Mo- i  
ther smil'd upon her, and the silent Mother  
smil'd to see the conscious Blushes of her  
Daughter: At length grown big with  
Words, she brake her Silence, and bespake her  
thus:

Blush not, my fairest Daughter: 'Tis no  
Shame to be compassionate to Lovers; or to  
lament that Flame which Love and Beauty  
has enkindled: 'Tis Charity to succour the  
Distressed: The Disposition of a generous  
Heart makes every Grief her own: What  
Marble, ah! what Adamantine Ear e're  
heard the Flames of Troy, and did not  
weep? Surely much more the scorching Fire  
of Love (whose desperate Fuel is its own De-  
fire) may boldly challenge e'ry gentle Heart  
to be Joynt tenant in its secret Sufferings:  
Why dost thou blush, *Parthenia*? or why  
why did those pearly Tears, which I unseen  
beheld,



beheld, slide down thy Cheeks ? Fear not  
 to speak, this Arbour hath no Ears : Here's  
 none but we : Speak then, it is no Shame  
 to shed a Tear, for I have done the like :  
 Say, hath the winged Wanton with his Ar-  
 row sent e're a Message to thy wounded  
 Heart ? Speak in the Name of *Hymen*, I con-  
 jure thee, for if the Case be so, I have a Bal-  
 sam, which well applied will work a per-  
 fect Cure. I fear the young Laconian Lord  
 who has been lately with thee, has est some  
 indigested Word in thy cold Stomack, which  
 for want of Skill, I doubt may lie too heavy  
 at thy Heart : If that be all, tell but thy  
 Grief to me, and I'll endeavour to find out  
 a Remedy : For well I know, Silence in  
 Love but multiplies a Grief ; the Way to  
 find a Cure, is to reveal it. Perhaps thou  
 lov'st *Demagoras*, and would'st fain hide  
 thy Affection from thy Mother's Eyes, and  
 reap the pleasing Fruits of Love unseen ; for  
 stolen Morsels are the sweetest thought . If  
 then thou dost affect to love in secret, I'll  
 be as blind as he that wounded thee : Or  
 if thou darest acquaint thy Mother with it,  
 thy Mother's Care shall be redoubled for  
 thee ; and nothing shall be wanting on my  
 part, to make thee happy in the sweet Fru-  
 ition of thy choic Desires. Thou lov'st  
*Demagoras* ; Come, I know thou dost, thy  
 conscious Heart must give thy Lips the Lie,



if thou deniest it : Which on my Score thou to b  
hast no need to do, for I much rather will livi  
encourage thee, than cross thy well plac'd T  
Passion ; Then love him still, *Parthenia* ; for M  
I know his Thoughts are noble, and his the  
Fame is bright ; 'tis Royal Blood that runs stil  
within his Veins ; for he's ally'd to the high An  
Stock of the Arcadian King : The Gods her  
have blest him with a fair Estate, and Ac  
Wealth and Honour his Attendants are. ha  
All which and more, if I have any Skill, w  
with himself will offer up to you, as what ti  
your Love and Beauty justly merits : For to g  
my Knowledge he your Captive is, and to C  
your conquering Eyes submits himself : in  
at thy Mercy lies, my dear *Parthenia* : Then h  
be not wanting to thy self, my Child, but  
meet his Passion with an equal Flame ; and  
do not go about with too much Niceness to  
put a Damp upon that glowing Fire, which  
may by such cold Usage be extinguished :  
Remember that Occasion's bald behind ; nor  
will such Offers be made every Day : Then  
take 'em while they are proffered, for times  
alter ; and Youth and Beauty quickly will  
decay : Use then thy time while Youth  
and Beauty last ; for if that loathsome and  
infamous Reproach of a stale Maid, should  
be applied to thee, thou wilt look like Gar-  
ments kept till out of Fashion. Then treat  
*Demagoras* as he deserves, and readily agree

to be his Wife, and make me happy by a living Pledge of both your mutual Loves.

The old Lady having thus declar'd her Mind, and begg'd that Question which *Parthenia* could never grant : *Parthenia* stood still a while, and paus'd e're she return'd an Answer ; for her Affection struggl'd with her Duty : She found her Mother was an Advocate for the *Laconian Lord*, and would have had her given him that Heart which was before dispos'd of to another : She sometimes thought her Duty to her Mother oblig'd her, and then gain thought her own Choice was best. But lest her silence shou'd incense her Mother, she thus replied to what her Mother said :

*Madam*, That I no sooner have reply'd, impute not to my Disobedience ; or that the slowness of my my *Speech* is only to borrow an Advantage to deny : It lies not in your Power to command beyond my Will ; therefore I here into your Hands surrender that little *All* you gave me. The Gods forbid *Parthenia* should resist what you command, command what'er you will : But pardon me, the young *Laconian Lord*, tho' he attempted it, cou'd never gain an Entrance in my Heart : I wept indeed, but my mi' constrain'd Tears proceeded not from any Spring of *Cupid's* ; this blubber'd Book will make it plain appear whose Grief I wept, I wept.

not for my own: My lowly Thoughts durst never soar so high, nor ne'er were guilty of that proud Desire of so great an Honour to be call'd his Wife, for whom ambitious Queens have been contending: He sued for Love, and did importune strongly to have my Heart surrender'd up to him; but my Heart pleas'd more with a meaner Fortune, had shut all Pity from my tender Breast, nor cou'd I entertain one spark of Love. But, Madam, you, to whose more wise Directions my untaught Passions ever shall submit, you have commanded, and your Will shall be the Square of my Desires: I'll practise Duty, and I'll practise Love, tho' yet I unacquainted am with *Cupid*.

The old Lady could not be well pleased with what *Parthenia* answer'd, yet knew not how at present to reply; but hop'd that Time might bring her Ends about, and reconcile her to *Demagoras's* Love.

### CH A P. III.

*The Story of Argalus, the Occasion of his coming into Arcadia: He sees, and falls in Love with Parthenia, and she with him.*

NOT long before *Demagoras* made his Suit to fair *Parthenia*, the great and the belov'd *Basilus*, who sways the Scepter of the *Arcadian* Land, with Triumphs brought to his renown'd Court, his new espous'd

spous'd Queen, the bright *Gynecia*; which  
 to *Arcadia* brought a great Resort of foreign  
 States and Princes, to behold the unbeliev'd  
 Report that Fame had spread of that fair  
 Queen's great and exalted Worth: Thi-  
 ther the Cyprian Nobles all repair'd, richly  
 adorn'd in warlike Furniture, with solemn  
 Jests to celebrate the Feast and the Royal  
 Nuptials so lately past between the Arcadi-  
 an King, the Great *Basilus*, and his Royal  
 Bride, the fair *Gynecia*; in whose fine Com-  
 posure, both Art and Nature had out-done  
 themselves, and summ'd up that Perfection  
 which Words are wanting fully to describe.  
 Her Father was the Cyprian King, whose  
 Fame receiv'd more Honour from his Daugh-  
 ter's Worth, than from the Lustre of the  
 Crown he wore. But to describe the Roy-  
 al Entertainment which King *Basilus* gave  
 to all those Strangers, to tell the Pomp in  
 which the Bride appear'd and shew the  
 Bridegroom's rich and royal State, to set  
 down all the Names and shew the Worth  
 of those great Lords that were at this So-  
 lemnity, the quaint Impressa's they distinct-  
 ly wore, their Martial Sports, and oft-re-  
 doubled Blows, the Courage of this Lord,  
 and of the other, is not my Task, nor lies it  
 in my way: What I particularly here design,  
 is from amongst 'em to select one Person,  
 whose Birth (if that adds any thing to Merit)

was not inferiour to the Chiefest there, as springing from the Royal Blood, and ancient Stock of the great Cyprian Kings : Nor was his Person and his great Accomplishments at all inferiour to his illustrious Birth : His Mind was richly furnished with the Treasure of moral Knowledge ; and so far from Pride, he was a great Example of Humility ; yet strong and valiant, and of a noble Courage, but one that would not dare to offer Wrong to any one ; friendly he was to all Mankind, but inward but with few ; but to those few he was always such a Friend, as that, while they were Friends to Vertue, he never would forsake 'em : Lord of his Word, and Master of his Passion : Not too mistrustful, and yet wisely wary : Hard to resolve, but then as hardly brought from what he had resolved on. And in a Word, so every way accomplished with the Perfections both of Mind and Body, that 'twould be very hard to find his Equal ; and not to keep my Reader long in Suspence, his Name was *Argalus* in *Cyprus* born ; and of chief Rank therein ; whose Business in *Arcadia* was to grace the Nuptials of the fair *Gynecia*, who now was married to the Great *Basilus* the *Arcadian* King.

Amongst the Beauties of *Arcadia* that came to wait upon the new-made Queen, the fair *Parthenia* was one, than whom the Queen herself

herse  
all  
foun  
Part  
view  
saw  
first  
all  
vvi  
had  
yet  
bo  
Ty  
lo  
th  
fo  
B  
an  
y  
bi  
f  
h  
t  
c  
a  
a



herself was not more fair. *Argalus* first of all had there a View of her, and quickly found himself a Captive to her; and there *Parthenia* first savv *Argalus*, but could not view him with Indifference, something she saw in him, but what she knew not, which at the first View made her to distinguish him from all the Lords in the Arcadian Court, feeling within her Breast such an Emotion as she had never felt therein before: So that whilst yet they were unknown to each other, they both were link'd together with the secret Tye of undisclos'd Affection: Both dearly lov'd, and each striv'd to hide it from the other. Yet sure it was one Dart wounded, for both were wounded at the self same time. Both hop'd, both fear'd alike; and griev'd and joy'd; and tho' they both could help, yet neither was reliev'd.

This was the first beginning of their Passion; but as all things are made easie by Love, so Love soon found out a Way to bring them both together; and since one cou'd not strike the other without Wounding themselves, so the Conquest must needs be easie, where both sides had agreed to yield. And having unbosom'd their Hearts to each other, and made a mutual Vow of inviolable Affections, they both found such an Excess of Joy, that they thought nothing could make them unhappy.

But,



But, O what unseen Events do oftentimes attend a Lover's Progress ! How many un- suspected Dangers does he fall into ? He has no sooner built his Hopes of Happiness but strait his Fear destroys it. Sometime he surfeits with Excess of Joy ; and by and by sinks down into Despair. And when Love's Current seems to run most smoothly some obvious Mischief still disturbs its course

#### CH A P. IV.

*Parthenia's Mother presses her to Love Demagoras, and tells her of a Dream she had. Parthenia discovers her Love to Argalus, and expounds her Mother's Dream. Her Mother goes from her in a great Passion.*

**T**His was exemplified in these two Lov- ers ; For no sooner had their mutual Flames proclaim'd Love's Jubilee, but presently Parthenia's Mother ( whose troubled Countenance presag'd some serious Matter harboured in her Breast ) enters the Room, and between Jest and Earnest, thus addresseth her Daughter :

My dearest Child, This Night, when all was still and hush, and silent Darkness court- ed me to sleep, spight of my Inclination, sundry Thoughts troubled my Mind, and robb'd me of my Rest : So that I slept not till the shrill-mouth'd Horn of Chanticleer proclaim'd

proclaim'd the Dawning Day : At last when  
*Morpheus* with his leaden Key, had lock'd  
 my Senses up, and had enlarg'd the Power  
 of my Heaven guided Fancy, while I slept,  
 three times I dreamt one and the self same  
 Dream : Then waked, and being frighted  
 at the Vision, could not but think it was  
 what the Gods decreed. My Dream was  
 this ; Methought I saw thee sitting, dress'd  
 like a Princely Bride, with Robes that well  
 might have become the State of Majesty ;  
 thy Nymph-like Hair loosely dishevel'd, and  
 upon thy Brows bearing a Cypress Wreath ;  
 and thrice three Months expired, thy preg-  
 nant Womb requir'd *Lucinda's* Aid ; and  
 thereupon methought I saw a Team of har-  
 nessed Paces draw a fiery Chariot, wherein  
 there sat the Glorious Majesty of great *Sa-  
 turnius* or whose Train attended an Host of  
 Goddesses. *Juno*, methought descended from  
 out of the flaming Chariot, and blest thy  
 painful Womb : Thy Pains a while increas'd,  
 until at length she laid her Palms upon thy  
 fruitful Flank, and there was born a Son ;  
 the Mother of a smiling Boy she made thee,  
 and after blest thee with a Mother's Joy :  
 She kiss'd the Babe, and then she told his For-  
 tune, by setting on his Head a Crown of  
 Gold ; and there, as if the Heavens had  
 clove in sunder, methought I heard the  
 dreadful Thunderer's Voice : The Hail  
 storm'd

storm'd down, and Hail-stones did appear like Orient Pearls, and some like Gold refin'd: At which the Goddess turn'd and said, *Behold, Great Jove hath sent a Gift, go forth and take it.* Thus having spoke, the vanish'd, and I awak'd out of my Dream; and waking trembled; for full well I know 'twas no Delusion of an idle Brain, but what the Gods in Vision did fore shew of my *Parthenia's* Fortune: I lik'd the Dream wherein the Heavens foretold thy joyful Marriage, and the golden Shower, which can betoken nothing else but Wealth; and in like manner *Juno's* coming down, and placing on the Infant's Head a Crown of Gold, must needs foreshew thy safe Deliverance, and ensuing Honour. But what the Wreath of Cypress (that was set upon thy Nuptial Brows) presag'd, the Gods as yet keep from me. And if that Secret any Ill foreshew, Heaven keep the Knowledge of it from thee likewise. Advise *Parthenia*, and refuse no longer all that good Fortune which the Gods foreshew thee: Submit to them; what they decree, is Fate, and will not lie within thy Power to alter. Then chearfully endeavour to fulfil what they design, and what must come to pass. I therefore by thy Filial Duty to the Gods and me, conjure thee to remove all fond Conceits that seek to interrupt thy Happiness, by labouring to disjoyn what

Hea-

Heaven hath knit, I mean *Demagoras's* Heart  
and thine together. The Gods are faith-  
ful, and they know far better what will ad-  
vance our Happines than we do. Then  
what Heaven offers, fear not to receive  
with thankful Hands; nor pass over so  
slightly, the dear Affections of so true a  
Lover: Pity his Flames, relieve his tortur'd  
Breast, that finds at home no Rest, abroad  
no Joy, but like a Hart that's wounded by  
the Dogs, still flies with *Cupid's* Javelin in  
his Wounds: Be gentle then, and let thy  
cordial Smiles revive his Spirits, that only  
cares for Life to do thee Honour.

So having said, she ceas'd, and fair *Par-  
thenia* perceiv'd that things were come unto  
this Pass, that she must either now displease  
her Mother, or Violate her plighted Faith  
to *Argalus*; which caus'd an inwerd Strife  
within her Breast, between Filial Obedience,  
and Love: Fain she'd strive to be Dutiful  
unto her Mother, but cou'd not think of  
breaking of her Vow to *Argalus*: But whilst  
she seem'd to stand divided thus betwixt her  
Duty and Affection; she call'd to mind the  
sacred Vows that her dear *Argalus* had made  
to her, as well as that which she had made  
to him; by breaking of which she should be  
both disloyal and unjust; unjust to *Argalus*,  
to whom already she had given the Possession  
of her Heart; and cou'd not, neither wou'd  
she

she take't away; on which Consideration she suddenly broke into Tears, and weeping to her Mother, thus replied:

*Madam*, The angry Gods have sure conspired to shew the utmost of their Rage to poor *Parthenia*; and having laid all Mercy quite aside, resolve to make me truly Miserable; yes, I must be the Subject of their Wrath, and break my Vows, and wrong my plighted Faith; or else Maternal Love will so be banish'd a Mother's Heart, that she'll renounce her Child. — She could no longer speak, for such a Tide of Tears gush'd out, as stopped the intended Passage of her Tongue; which made her Grief redouble its Force, throwing her Body prostrate on the Ground; while her own Hands (not knowing what that did) tore tore off her curious Hair: And like a Person that was quite distracted, sometimes she struck the Ground, sometimes her Breast; and then began to speak, and then her Tears prevented her again. At last, raising herself upon her feeble Knees, and humbly fixing her sad Eyes upon her Mother's frowning Visage, thus proceeded: Upon these Knees, these Knees that heretofore were never bent to you in Vain, nor ne'er rose without a Mother's Blessing; upon these naked Knees, to your dear Thoughts I recommend those Torments that attend your dear *Parthenia*, whose

whose Distress is such; that even Death would be an Ease to me. Yes, yes, *Demagoras* and Death, sound both alike to these sad Ears of mine; and I can embrace one as soon as the other; No, dearest Mother, I can never love him. Command *Parthenia* then, what Death you please, and you shall find how much more readily I will embrace it than *Demagoras*. The Gods themselves, that have a secret Power to force Affection, cannot Violate the Laws of Nature. For sooner shall the pondrous Earth ascend and the aspiring Flames turn their Points downwards, than your *Parthenia* can love *Demagoras*. The joyful Vision that your sumbring Eyes beheld of late, promis'd a fairer Fortune than Heaven is like to give to poor *Parthenia*; for your prophetick Dream, it seems, beheld a Royal Marriage, pointed out the Bride, her safe Deliverance, and her smiling Son, his Honour and his Wealth; but after all, you saw no Bridegroom: Him has Heaven reserv'd within my Breast, by me to be revealed; which if your Patience will but give me Leave, I'll now discover to you.

When King *Basilus* (may whose Royal Hand long sway the Scepter of *Arcadia*) from *Cyprus* brought his more than Princely Bride, the fair *Gynecia*; among the Train of this illustrious Bride, did many Lords of great Renown attend, and Cyprian Prin-



ces of the chiefest Rank, to see her crown'd in the Arcadian Court; amongst this Train of Princes there was One, that full as far as Mid-night *Cynthia* does out-shine a twinkling Star, excell'd the rest; whose perfect Virtue finds more Admiration in the Arcadian Court, than it can meet with Imitation there. Nor is the Casket that contains this Jewel, unworthy of the Jewel it contains: For in the forming of this curious Piece, the Hand of Nature quite out-went itself, and furnished it with such transcending Worth, that he is only worthy to be chosen, the great Protector of all Arts, and Store house of Perfection. The *Cyprus* Stock did ne'r till now produce so fair a Branch; whose matchless Worth does to *Arcadia* greater Glory bring, than can the dull Arcadians understand: His Name is *Argalus*; he, Madam, is the *Cyprus Wreath* that crown'd my Nuptial Brows: And now, dear Mother, I have found the Bidegroom which your Dream concealed, cloath'd in the Mystery of that *Cyprus Wreath*. Then, Madam, now no more oppose my Fate nor contradict that which the Gods decree: For what the Gods command, 'tis your desire *Parthenia* should obey, and in Obedience unto their Decrees, my Vows are past, and nothing now shall part me and my *Argalus*.

*Parthenia*

Parthenia having made an end, she quickly saw her Mother's angry Eye half-closed with a murdering Frown, declar'd how much she was displeased with her Narration; who sternly shaking of her Head, unlock'd the Doors, and went away, leaving Parthenia on her aching Knees, and as she went, she spake thus to herself: *And is it so: Is Argalus the Man?* But there she stopt, and striving to express what Rage had prompted, could proceed no farther.

Speak now, ye Lovers, that have ever been exercised with wilful Parents crossing your Affections, and by the Rigor of their strict Command have made you groan under their Tyranny, and by their furious Wills sought to divorce your Souls from your best Thoughts, and make you to affect those very Persons for whom you have always had the most Aversion; you can best judge how great that Grief must be, which now possesses the Heart of poor Parthenia; whose Hopes so small a time had blasted, and in their Prime had made her Roses fade. Who now lies like an unregarded Ruin, with Death's affrighting Image in her Eyes. Poor Virgin! She whom hopeful Thoughts so late had crown'd with promis'd joys, now growling lies neglected and forlorn on the cold Bed of Nature; her Eyes swell'd up, as loath to see the Light that would dis-

cover such a dismal Prospect ; Nor from her Lips, those Portals of Delight, can any Sound be heard, unless sometimes the Words steal thro', *My dearest Argalus !* and then they close again, as if the one had kiss'd the other, only pronouncing that happy Name ; and then reflecting on the wretched Cause of all her Grief, she would suddenly cry out, *O my hard Fortune* ; and add, *But, O my harder-hearted Mother !* Till sick with her own Thoughts, her Passion strove betwixt those two Extremes of Love and Grief : And yet so much did Love obtain the Ascendant, that still the more she griev'd the more she Lov'd : But since our Words sometimes alleviate Grief, she to herself did thus begin to speak :

*How art thou chang'd Parthenia ! How hath Passion ruff'd thy Thoughts, and put thee out of Order ! Exil'd thy little Judgment, and betray'd thee to thy own self ! Tossed thee upon the Waves of Discontent, with Storms and Tempests, blown from the North-East Quarter of Despair, which had over-whelm'd my Weather-beaten Soul, and drown'd me in the Gulf of Misery, had I not pump'd this Water from mine Eyes. My Argalus, O where, O where art thou ? Thou little think'st how thy Parthenia is tortured for thy sake ; nor dost thou know the unsufferable Anguish of my Mind, thou keep'st no Register of my sad Tears, nor knowest*

knowest the Tryals I undergo. However,  
Fortune I henceforth now defie thee.

Thou'lt spit thy Venom, and canst do no more,  
Who's level'd with the Earth, can fall no lower.

Parthenia's Mother seeks by Flattery to persuade  
her to love Demagoras, but in vain. She then  
consults with Demagoras to poison Argalus,  
and sends a Letter to him in Parthenia's Name  
by Athelia, Parthenia's Maid, with a Vial  
of Poison, under the Notion of a Love cordial.  
Athelia tasting of it, is poison'd, which ha-  
ving spoil'd the old Lady's Plot, upon bear-  
ing thereof, she dies.

JUST as Parthenia spoke these Words, her  
Mother enters the Chamber with a smi-  
ling Aspect; salutes her Child, and takes  
her from the Ground whereon she lay, and  
having caus'd her to sit down by her, she  
then in gentle Terms bespake her thus:

Perverse Parthenia! Is thy Heart so glid  
to Argalus, that it must treat Demagoras with  
such Scorn? What, are your Souls so closely  
join'd, that my Entreaties may not inter-  
pose? If it be so, yet let a Mother's Care  
not be contemned, for cautioning her Child:  
The Sickle that is too early, cannot reap a  
fruitful Harvest: Therefore be not too ha-  
sty to adjourn your Thoughts; and make a  
wile

wise Delay, and try his Vertue, e'er you trust too far: You cannot measure Vertue in a Day; Vertues appear, but Vices baulk the Light, and tho' they are great, yet are not known at first. Those Joys are false that are not mixt with Doubt: Divide that Love which thou bestow'st on One, betwixt a Couple; try them both and then take which thou findest best. Consult with Time, for Time brings Truth to Light, and tries the Faith and Constancy of Lovers. Things done in haste, you may repent at leisure; what's soon past, is oft too late lamented.

*Parthenia* having heard her Mother's Words, rose from her Chair, and bowing with incomparable Grace, made this Reply:

*Madam*, Each Day since first you gave me Being, has shew'd the Tokens of your tender Care, and hourly Goodness to me; which when with my Deserts I but compare, I find my Debt of Duty is so great that I never can pretend to pay it off. I must confess my Heart is not so link'd to *Argalus* his Merit, as to scorn *Demagoras*; nor is it ty'd so loosely, that I can slip the Knot, and so divide that true and that intire Affection which I have for *Argalus*: My Heart's but one, and guided by one Power, and one's a Number not to be divided. And tis a noted Lesson in Loves School, That Love divided, is but Love destroy'd. But yet what plighted Faith

## Argalus and Parthenia.

1  
4

and Honour can't undo, your Counsel shall delay. Madam, *Parthenia's* Hand is not so greedy to reap her Corn, as not to let it ripen : Her unadvised Sickle shall not be thrust into her hopeful Harvest, till it is ready. *Parthenia* will to your's her skill submit; and for the time your Will shall regulate it.

So spake *Parthenia* : But to tell you all that pass'd between her and her angry Mother, would be to take up as much time as they did, who parted not until the Morning-slight had banish'd Darkness : The old Lady still pleading the Cause of the Laconian Lord, and fair *Parthenia* urging that her Vows so sacred were, they could not be revok'd : Yet still the Mother pleaded, nor would leave untry'd whatever she thought might bring her over to *Demagoras*, therefore perswades, allures, intreats, mingles her Words with Threatnings, Smiles, and Tears, and did indeed all that a Marble hearted Mother cou'd, to work her Daughters Ruin. And yet the more her Mother did perswade, the more she taught *Parthenia* to deny : At last despairing to obtain her End ( for she as well might hope to move a Mountain, as once to change the fix'd *Parthenia's* Mind ) she spake no more, but started from her Chair, Go, foolish Girl, cryed she, and flung away : Harbours new Mischief in her raging Mind ; and studying new Plots to bring a-

C

bout



bout what she perciev'd her Words could never do. And therefore now resolv'd her Actions should more powerful be, than e're her Words had been. Envy, that Poison of a viperous Soul, had now entred into the old Lady's Breast, and plotted Treason there against poor *Argalus*, and in a secret Council held between *Demagoras* and she, it was resolv'd that *Argalus* must dye, and by his death make way for introducing of *Demagoras* into *Parthenia's* Favour. The thing being agreed, the Ways and Means to bring't about, was next to be considered. And after several had been thought upon, *Demagoras* from his side draws his Stiletto : Madam, said he, this Medicine well applied to *Argalus* his Bosom, will give Rest to him and me, and do it suddenly ; and in this Case the quickest Way's the best. My Lord, said she, your trembling Hand may miss the Mark, and then yourself will be in Danger : Attempts are dangerous at so small a Distance ; I therefore think a Drug's the better Weapon ; and carries sudden Death clos'd up in Sweetness. Your Safety I regard, my Lord, and that may by a Drug I am sure, be best secured. Leave me to manage the successful Plot, and if I don't contrive it for the best, then say my Skill has fail'd me, and never trust a Woman's Wit again. Be you but wise and close, my Lord, and leave the rest to me.

*Demagoras*

*Demagoras* being gone, to lose no time, that very Night she called *Athelia* to her, *Parthenia's* Hand-maid, who she thus bespoke: *Athelia*, dare thy private Thoughts partake with mine ? Can'st thou be secret ? Has thy Heart a Lock that none can pick or break by Force ? Tell me, *Athelia*, can'st thou keep a Secret ? Madam, said she, let me never be true to my own Thoughts, if ever I prove false. Speak what you please, *Athelia* shall conceal it : Not your own Breast shall keep it more securely. Know then, *Athelia*, reply'd the Lady, so great is my Affection to *Parthenia*, her Welfare is the Crown of all my Joys : And if thou should'st betray what I entrust thee with, Her Happiness and all my Joys are ruin'd. But if thou truly dost discharge thy Trust, that I shall now put into thy faithful Hands, it lies within thy Power to prevent approaching Evils ; and to ease the Heart of my *Parthenia*, and in her of mine, in whom I've plac'd the Comfort of my Age ; I need not tell thee, my *Athelia*, *Parthenia* is in Love, I know thou know'st it : And thou knowest as well, her wasted Spirits languish in her Breast, which soon will put a Period to her Days, unless some Remedy be found to ease her. 'Tis *Argalus* she loves, who with Disdain requites her true Affection ; he slights her Love and Tears, yet his Neglect serves on-

ly to increase the fatal Flame of her Affection to him, while she groans beneath the heavy Burden of Despair. But desperate's the Wound that admits no Cure : And now, *Athelia*, it lies in thee to help. Wilt thou assist me if I find the Way ? Madam replied *Athelia*, I have said so much already, that you need not doubt my Secrecy in any thing ; especially to ease my vertuous Lady : For what you've said, is unto me no Secret.

The treacherous Lady having this Assurance, strait stole aside into her Closet, and in *Parthenia's* Name this Letter writ.

To her Dear and Faithful *Argalus*.

**T**Hough I'm still persecuted by the Malice of my Mother, yet all the Water of Affliction with which she thinks to quench my Love, has only the Effect of Oyl when cast upon the Fire, to make it burn the brighter and more fiercely, for thy *Parthenia* is still the same ; and e're one Week is past, I do not doubt but all our Difficulties will be overcome. What I have herewith sent thee, drink with speed, it is a Cordial that will strengthen Love ; and like an Amulette preserve my *Argalus* from whatsoe're may hurt him. Drink without doubting then, and still believe that I will always be Thy constant *Parthenia*.

This being done and sealed, she call'd *Athelia* in and gave it her, and from her Cabinet

binet taking a Vial, Look here, says she to *Athelia*, in this Glass the Hopes of all *Parthenia* does consist : This is the *Nepenthe*, which the Gods themselves drink to confirm their Loves to one another. For this a Vertue has infus'd by *Jove*, to turn deep Hatred into strong Affection ; one Dose of this will make the proudest Lover languish for her whom he disdain'd before. Here, take this Glass, and give it with the Letter to *Argalus* in his *Parthenia's* Name ; but to no Hand but his be sure to commit it. And let thy Speed prevent the rising Sun. *Athelia* took it, and went strait to Bed, and so did the old Lady too ; but could not rest till she the Event had heard, and how her murdering Poison, did succeed.

But now before I further can proceed, I must methinks expostulate with Heaven, O ye celestial Powers that never slumber, but are the constant Guard of Innocence ; Can you permit the murderous designs of wicked Men against the Innocent, to take Effect ? Surely it cannot be ; for if such impious Designs should prosper against those Persons that have no Defence but their own Vertue, and your high Protection, who will hereafter to you pay their Vows, or let one Grain of sacred Incense fall on your neglected Altars ? Say then, shall *Argalus* be thus betray'd to his own Death, in his *Parthenia's*

Name? He who's the Flower of Arts as well as of Arms; the Cyprian Kingdom's Boast, *Arcadia's* Garland, and all *Greece's* Glory, *Virtue's* bright Pattern, and the World's Example: Must this Man by black Treason be betrayed to his own Death under the Mask of Love? Forbid it, O ye Powers above, and let some intervening Providence still save him from that dire impending Stroke with which Hell threatens him

But now bright Day dissolves the Damps of Night, and every Star fled from the approaching Sun, when fair *Aurora* from the purple Bed of *Tithon* rose to gild the Eastern Sky; and the early Lark with his sweet Notes salutes the welcome Day: This wakes *Athelia* who yet slumbering lay, but took no Rest, disturb'd so much by Dreams, which with prophetick Fears still represented the horrid Scenes of Death before her Eyes: What ails the Gods, said she, as she was rising, thus to disturb my Rest? Nothing but Death and Murther, Graves and Bells frightening my Fancy with their hourly Tolling. But now I think on't, Dreams, they say, do still expound themselves a quite contrary way. The Riddle's out, and now I understand my Dream's Intent, and that some Wedding's near; for Death interpreted, is nothing else but Marriage, and the melancholy Bells are Mirth and Musick: By the  
Grave

well  
fast,  
ry,  
ld's  
son  
he  
a-  
ce  
og  
os  
e  
t

Grave is meant the joyful, joyful Marriage-bed : And then this may be special News to me, for 'twas my self my Dream foretold should dye : And if this Death be Marriage, let it come, I could be well content to dye this Day. — But I must hasten, the too forward Day tells me I've lain too long a Bed this Morning. And being drest, she took the forged Letter and that which she believed was a Love-cordial, and to her early Progress then applies her self : But Marriage having got into her Head, each Step she took, she still was thinking on't ; and could not forbear saying as she went.

How frail's the Nature of a Woman's Will ! How very cross ! The Thing she's most forbidden, is that which still she most of all desires ; and what she's most of all perswaded to, is most contrary to her Inclination. Had not my Hands been bound, and I forbid to taste this Love-sick Cordial, I should have had no mind to it ; nay, perhaps never thought on't ; but now methinks I long : I find Desire grows stronger by Confinement ; I long to taste, and yet the only thing that makes me do so, is, I was forbid. At last she stops, and soon unties the Glass, and ignorantly takes that fatal Draught, which in eternal Night shall close her Eyes ; and having drank, she ties it fast again, and for her former Loytering mends her Pace ;



till on a sudden she begins to faint, her Bowels gripe, her Breath begins to fail, her Tongue to Blister, and her Veins to boil, her Colour comes and goes, she scarce can stand, and presently falling upon the Ground, swells like a Bladder, roars, and bursts, and dies.

Thus dy'd *Athelia*; and from her Death, poor *Argalus* new Life again derives. For 'twas to him this deadly Draught was meant. Live *Argalus*, and let such Morning-draughts their Portion be who seek to take thy Life, Live long, and let thy Guardian Angel still who hath preserv'd thee for *Parthenia's* Love, crown all thy Hopes and Fortunes with Success, and keep thee safe from all succeeding Treasons.

*Athelia* had not long slept her last Sleep, but she was soon found dead upon the Road, which with her noisie Trump Fame quickly spread, and it soon reach'd the Ears of the old Lady, whose treacherous Heart was greedily prepar'd to entertain the Tydings of a Murther: But finding by *Athelia's* Death, her Plot on *Argalus* had quite miscarried, she on the Ground desperately threw herself; but what she said, shall be by me conceal'd, for this one Cause, she was *Parthenia's* Mother. Let it suffice to say, that the Extreams of unresisted Sorrow and of Shame, quite overcame her disappointed Malice;

Bow  
her  
oil  
can  
nd,  
nd

th,  
or  
nt.  
ts  
e,  
ll  
e,  
-

1

C 51.

hoarse, and had compos'd *Parthenia's* Sorrows, and from the Ground rais'd her fair Body almost spent with Grief, and drowned in her own Tears; a long expected Scene of better Fortune enters in, to drain her wat'ry Eyes: Her stormy Night of briny Tears now past, a welcome Day of Happiness appears. The Rock's remov'd, and now Love's wider Ocean gives Room enough, looks with a milder Brow: Now therefore Reader, let thy list'ning Ear welcome the Happy Tydings thou so much long'st for: A Lover's Diet's mixt; sometimes 'tis sweet, and then 'tis sower again; and this so oft, in one Hour's time he thinks it Heaven and Hell.

Now *Argalus* can find with his *Parthenia* a Lover's Welcome, and a free Access without Eves-dropping Ears and frowning Eyes; and now *Parthenia's* Heart can give her Tongue the Freedom to impart his louder Welcome, whilst her greedy Eye can satisfy her Looks with his blest Sight: She's not *Parthenia* now, if he be not present; nor he's not *Argalus*, if not together: Their Cheeks are fill'd with Smiles, their Tongues with Stories of what they have endur'd for one another; She tells him of her Mother's mystick Dream; how she was troubled at the *Cyprus* Wreath; nor could tell what to make of it, until *Parthenia* did unfold it to her, and told her it was *Argalus*; and how she

he after with *Demagoras* had form'd a Plot to take away his Life, which prov'd the Death of poor *Atbelia*; and then *Parthenia* scarce with-held her Eyes from shedding Tears, at such stupenduous Malice, considering how narrowly her *Argalus* escap'd the deadly Draught. But *Argalus* soon dry'd her Cheeks with Kisses; and then diverted the Discourse to some more pleasant Subject. Thus by the Priviledge of Time and Leisure, the happy Lovers whil'd away their Hours until Night parted them; which now *Argalus* finds to be an Inconvenience, and therefore to *Parthenia* does propose a Remedy against that Separation.

*Which is, That Hymen with his Nuptial Band,  
Do joyn together their espoused Hands.*

And this once done, *Argalus* does assure her, they'll make the Night as pleasant as the Day. *Parthenia* yields, as knowing this has been the dearly purchas'd Price of many a Tear. *Hymen* is summon'd to perform his Rites, and to inrole his Name in his Register, that they the Joys of Love may freely reap: Accordingly the appointed Day is set, and all things are preparing to that End. And since the tender-hearted Reader must have let some Tears fall on *Parthenia's* Sorrows, I am impower'd by her beloved *Argalus*, in the next Book to invite him to the Wedding.

*The End of the First Book.*

T H E

# THE HISTORY OF

## *Argalus and Parthenia.*

### *The Second Book.*

#### CHAP. I.

*The Marriage-day for Argalus and Parthenia being come, and all things prepared for the Wedding; whilst Parthenia was waiting for Argalus in an Arbour, Demagoras comes suddenly upon her, and pulling her upon the Ground by the Hair of the Head, besmaars her Face with horrid Poison, and leaving her for dead, escapes away.*

**T**He Heavens are clear : Now gentle  
Pinnacle sail : The Wind blows  
fair, fear not to reach the Harbour :  
Neptune hath with his awful Trident calm'd  
the Surface of the Sea : The Rocks are past,  
the Storm is now blown over : Rouze then,  
ye Weather-beaten Voyagers, forsake your  
loathed Cabbins : Up and louse ye upon the  
open Decks, and smell the Land : Be ready  
to salute the welcome Shoar, which now is  
within

within Ken : Then sail, my Pinnacle with a prosperous Gale, to th' *Ils of Peace*, and may good Fortune follow thee : Thy Birth-right gives thee Power, great Sea-born Queen, to assist your Supplicants : Grant one happy Hour, and let these wounded Lovers now at length arrive at their so long-desired Haven.

The Marriage-day by *Argalus* appointed, did now draw on, and all things getting ready : The Bride was busie, and the Bridegroom gone to call his Fellow Princes to the Feast. The Garland's made, the Bridal Chamber ready : The Graces with the Muses have consulted, to crown the Day, and honour their Embraces with their Epithalamiums ; their warbling Tongues are grown already perfect in their new Lyrick Songs : *Hymen* begins to grumble at Delay ; and *Bacchus* smiles to think the Day's so night. The Virgin Tapers, and whatever Rights belong to Nuptials are prepar'd, whereby the joyful Triumph of this Marriage may be best exprest. But stay ! Who brings me now the keenest Iron Pen, that I may engrave the most Tragick Scene on Mens relenting Marble Hearts ? Which whosoever shall see, his Eyes instead of Weeping, shall bleed with purple Tears : If time shall not allow his Death-prevented Eyes to weep enough, then let his dying Language recommend to his Posterity to finish what is left. Thou



Thou saddest of all Muses come, thy studious Help's invok'd, that each consuming Word may rend a Heart, at least, that every Line in the salt Brine of her own Tears may pickle up a Kingdom : O, teach me how to extract the Quintessence of Grief, whose Virtue may distract those senseless Breasts, which Sorrow cannot kill : Inspire *Melpomene*, O, inspire my feeble Pen ; and like sad *Niobe*, let every one that cannot melt be turn'd to harden'd Stone ; teach me to paint an oft-repeated Sigh, so to the Life, that whosoever is near it, may hear it breathe, and learn by Imitation, to do the like until true Passion strike their bleeding Hearts.

*The Event still crowns the Act, let none declare,  
Before the Evening's come, the Day is fair.*

For when the Kalends of this Bridal Feast were entred in, and every longing Heart wax'd great with Expectation, and all Eyes prepar'd for entertaining Novelties, were grown impatient now, to be suffic'd with that, which Art and Honour had contriv'd to adorn the times withal, and to represent their Bounty and the Glory of that Day, the rare *Parthenia* taking sweet Occasion to bless her busie Thoughts, with the dear Remembrance of her absent *Argalus*, whose too long stay, made Minutes Days, and Days seem'd measur'd Ages, into a secret Bower betook her weary Steps, where eve-

Every Moment her greedy Ears expect to hear the Sum of all her Hopes, that *Argalus* is come. She hopes, she fears at once, and still considers, what makes him stay so long; she chides, excuses, she questions, answers, and she makes Reply, and talks as if her *Argalus* were present.

Why com'st thou not? Can *Argalus* neglect his languishing *Parthenia*? What, yet no News? But as she spake that Word, she heard a Noise, which gave her some suspicion of a close Conspiracy; and set her Tears at work, for she knew not what, till at last her Ears being happily deceiv'd, as her Hopes would have it, she thought she could distinguish the Voice of *Argalus* amongst the rest, whom she supposed was coming silently, to seize her at Unawares. She was wonderfully pleas'd at the Fancy, and was as quiet as a Lamb, to give him the Advantage of getting good hold of her; whilst, alas, her Eyes being fixt to welcome *Argalus*, the Author of all her Joys, *Demagoras* steps in, and salutes her at this untoward Rate, Base Sorceress, I come to let thee understand, how much I condemn thy Charms, that are only dress'd up with Paint and Disguise. Cou'd thy Prosperity ever flatter thee with the Hopes of Impunity? Thy Mother's Blood cries for Vengeance in a Language that's intelligible enough. Cou'd thy

thy Design be carried on by no Method more defensible than the Death of thy own Parent? Must Murther give Enlargement to that vile Adulterer, and bring him to thy Embraces, who, they say, will cover thy Wantonness with the Cloak of Marriage; Nay, never struggle for the Matter, here's none at hand that can give thee the least Assistance; Weeping would be far more prudent; there's strange Power in Penitence, if thou'lt throw thy self prostrate, and in that humble Posture confess thy self a repenting Murtheress, I have a Page whose Affections may, perhaps, be set afloat, and out of the pure Extacy of Love, may consent to Father the Cyprian Bastard, if genuine Parent had but the Prudence to get out of the way a little. But this is talking about Impossibilities, I might as well expect the Rock should melt down in Tears: Nay, but Weeping will make thee fair, and give thee such killing Features, that may do Miracles, if they were well manag'd: Weep therefore till the Day of Marriage, that the very Guests may follow thy Example, and behold, as in a Mirror, the Power of Tears. Vile Strumpet, could thy Judgment be so far impos'd upon, as to think I'd blot my Reputation and stain my Honour, by mixing my Blood with thine? Hadst thou design'd to make a Conquest of some easie Groom,

Groom, the Project had been feizable, seeing he might have curry'd Favour with his Master, with such an Instrument as thy self. Thou presumptuous thing ! my Courtship was only the Flash of youthful Passion, and the Heat was soon spent ; I had no farther Intention than the Discharge of a little natural Exuberance. Stand therefore, prepar'd, for I am ready to take Revenge. Upon this,



he dragg'd her upon the Ground by her Locks and Curls, he gag'd her Mouth, lest she shou'd cry to Heaven for Relief. She in the midst of his Cruelty swooned away, and having besmear'd her Face with Poyson, he left her almost without Life.

When she was a little restor'd, and had gotten her Tongue at Liberty, she exclaimed thus : Attend all ye miserable Harpies, Furies, and malignant Spirits, that inhabie  
the

The Renowned History of  
 the Land of Darkness, ye that converse  
 with unhappy Souls, and dwell with Devils,  
 and all the Shapes of Cruelty, take a par-  
 ticular Survey of them all, and assist me to  
 paint this Monster of Mankind, to chara-  
 cterize the basest Sycophant, that ever the  
 Creation bore; and help the Reader, when  
 he sees this Type of Baseness, to say, *This*  
*is he*. Let his Escutcheon be blotted with  
 perpetual Infamy and Reproach, and his Re-  
 membrance raz'd out of the Minds of good  
 Men, let Villains only retain the memory  
 of such a Bug-bear Name, wherewith to  
 fright their little Bastard-Brood: O let no  
 Spell be found more potent in Hell's dark  
 Abyss, than the nine Letters of his hated  
 Name, which let our *Criss-Cross-Row*, re-  
 move out of the Alphabet of Letters.

## C H A P. II.

*Argalus coming to his intended Bride, the fair  
 Parthenia, finds her by the Operation of the  
 Poison, a most fearful and deplorable Spectacle.  
 She tells him how she came to be so alter'd;  
 with their mutual Discourses upon that dismal  
 Change.*

**P**Arthenia (as we have already said) left  
 for dead by the curs'd Demagoras, and  
 found soon after in that wretched Condi-  
 tion by her Servants; who on'y by her  
 Cloath's

Cloaths could now discover it was she, so strange a Metamorphosis had that strong Poison made, which the detestable malicious Villain had spread over her Face; and which already had made her the most loathsome Creature in the World. And all the Marriage-Guests assembled there, were filled with equal Grief and Admiration at that sad Change which a few Moments had produc'd; the Cause of which, they could not then imagine. However, they remov'd her to her Bed, shutting the Windows close to keep a Sight so truly loathsome from Beholders Eyes; while in the House was nothing to be seen but a sad Scene of Sorrows.

But hark ! Am I deceiv'd ? or do I hear the Voice of *Argalus* calling for his *Parthenia* ? Yes, yes, 'tis surely he ; that Tongue can be no Counterfeit : O *Argalus* ! thy too long Staying makes thee come too soon : Hadst thou made a more speedy Return, thou hadst prevented the fatal Deed, and it had never been done. Alas ! When Lovers linger, and out go their promis'd Date, they do they know not what

Well, *Argalus* is come, and seeks about in every Room to find out his *Parthenia* : He asks all where she is, but all are sparing to be the Authors of such dismal News, and dare not tell the Sadness of her Fate ; tho' he might read in ev'ry Face he saw, things  
were



were not as they should be : Which make  
even *Argalus* as fearful to demand the fatal  
Cause, as they're afraid to tell him. Fair  
wou'd he know the Cause, but dares not  
ask, lest he shou'd hear what he don't care  
to know, or what, if known, wou'd but  
increase his Trouble. All Tongues are si-  
lent, and he sees each Eye does like a Bla-  
zing Star portend some Evil : Each Face  
looks sad, and every private Ear receives  
no Sounds but Whispers : He walks about  
as if he were a Stranger, and fears to ask  
what he desires to know. Fortune at last  
directed his sad Steps into a darkned Room,  
more dark than Night ; which he had scarce-  
ly enter'd, but he was welcom'd with the  
deepest Sigh a breaking Heart cou'd give :  
He heard one weep, and by the Noise of  
Groans and bitter Sobs was soon conducted  
to the Mourner's Bed, not thinking there  
to find his dear *Parthenia* : What is't, said  
he, that's here wrapt up in Darkness, to  
hide those Grievs that do abjure the Light ?  
With that, as if her Heart wou'd there  
have broke she fetch'd a Sigh, and said, O  
ask not who ! Urge not my Tongue to make  
a forc'd Return to your Demand : Alas ! It  
is not I. Not I, said he, what Language do  
I hear ? Tho' Darkness blinds my Eyes, my  
Ears are open ; and I am sure 'tis my *Parthe-  
nia's* Voice ; a Voice with which I often  
have

have been charm'd : What means this Language then, *It is not I !* What can *Parthenia* not *Parthenia* be ? What sudden Ill has taught thee to deny thy self unto thy dearest *Argalus* ? For what can wretched *Argalus* lay claim to, if *Parthenia* be not still the same ? Can Hills forget their ponderous Bulk, and fly like wandering Atoms in the empty Air ? Or can the Heavens (grown idle ) not fulfil their certain Revolutions, but stand fix'd, and leave their constant Motion for the Wind t'inherit ? If so, *Parthenia* then may change her Mind : But sooner shall Earth move, and Heaven stand still, than *Parthenia* falsify her Love. Unfold the Riddle then, tell me the Cause those Lips should say, *Alas, it is not I.*

To which she thus reply'd : O do not thou so wrong thy noble Thoughts as once to mention that cursed Name, or let it have a room within thy Breast : Let not a thing so foul be blest with thy last Breath : Let it be held a Sin too great for Pardon so much as e're to name it once again : Let Darkness hide it in eternal Night, clad with those Horrors able to affright a desperately wounded Conscience. He that knows not how effectually to curse, let him now practise it upon this Name ; let him that wou'd contract the Body of all Mischief, or extract the Quintessence of Sorrow, only claim

claim a Secret Priviledge that Name to use far be it therefore from thy Language, even to perpetrate so foul a Sin as once to mention it. Live happy, *Argalus* ! Partake not thou of these my Miseries : O forbear to make my Burden greater by thy tender Sorrow : Alas ! my Heart is strong, and does not need thy needless Help to make me yet more wretched. Why dost thou sigh ? O wherefore shou'd thy Heart usurp upon my Stage, and act the Part belonging to *Parthenia* ? It is my proper Part : What dost thou mean that thus without my License, thou wilt intrude upon that Scene of Misery which I alone must act. Alas ! thy Sorrows ease not my Distress, thou sav'st me not one Tear by all thy Weeping : Weeping's a Patent that's assign'd to me ; who have engross'd the whole Monopoly of Tears : In me let each Man's Torment find a Period ; I am that Sea to which all Rivers tend ; the perfect Abstract of unmix'd Sorrow. Let all exhausted Mourners that can weep no longer, come and borrow Tears of me.

And as *Parthenia* spake that Word, his Heart (unable longer to bear a Language so unsufferable ) became so swell'd, that it must either break, or find a Vent ; too weak his Reason grew to oppose his quickned Passion ; and therefore like a Man transported from himself, he thus brake forth. Ac-

Accursed Darkness ! Thou sad Type of Death, whose Residence is 'mongst Infernal Spirits, what means thy Boldness to usurp this Place, and force a Night before a Night be come ? Go, get thee down, and keep in thy own Bounds, go revel there, and hurl those hideous Mists before those cursed Eyes that take Delight in black Cimmerian Darkness : Return thee to those Regions whence thou cam'st, and hide those Faces whose infernal Flame calls for more Darkness ; and whose tortur'd Souls craves the Protection of obscure Recesses, to 'scape the Lashes of eternal Vengeance, and all those horrid Plagues inflicted by infernal Furies : But if thou must needs Ramble hereabout, go to some other Climate, and remove thy ugly Presence from our darkned Eyes, that hate thy Tyranny : Go exercise thy Power in Groves and solitary Springs, where Bats and Owls are the chief Governours. Go to the Groves, and fill those empty Places, that such as slumber in their silent Tombs, may bless thy welcome Shades ; and rest in dark Oblivion. Or if thou desire to haunt the Living, retire and haste into some reclusè Cloyster, there stand between the Light and those that fain would sin unseen ; assist them there, and let thy ugly Shapes give Countenance to close and horrid Treasons : Be nigh those Rooms, and aid all such as fear the

The Renowned History of  
the Eye of Heaven. Go close the Curtains  
then; We need thee not, foul Witch, for here  
thou hid'st a Beauty far more bright than  
what the Noon of Day can e're discover.  
*Avoid then, thou that hast so rudely burld  
On this dark Bed the Glory of the World.*

So having said, abruptly from the Room  
away he goes, with Cheeks all pale and wan,  
his curled Hair starting like Quills of Porcu-  
pines, and from his Eyes there flew quick  
Flashes, like the Flames of Lightning : He  
calls for Light, which being straitway  
brought, he presently returns into the Room  
from whence he came, and as he enter'd in,  
he started, and like one amaz'd he blest him-  
self, three times repeating it ; and then in  
such a Tone as shew'd the great Disturbance  
of his Mind, he thus broke out :

Foul Witch be gone ! and let thy dismal  
Shade forsake this Place ; Let thy dark Fogs  
obey great *Vulcan's* Charge ; in *Vulcan's*  
Name be gone : Or if thy stout Rebellion  
shall disown his Sovereignty, in my *Parthe-*  
*nia's* Name I charm thee hence ; and as he  
spake that Word, he stept to the sad Bed,  
and drew the Curtains that were round it  
clos'd, as if the Darkness had commanded  
such a Jewel should be hid : When lo, be-  
fore his wand'ring Eyes, appear'd the truest  
Picture of Deformity, that e're the Sun be-  
held : That Lovely Face that was of late the  
Shrine

Shrine of all the Graces, and the matchless  
 Pattern of a perfect Beauty, whose bright  
 all-conquering and imperious Eyes, ravish'd  
 where ere they look'd, and did o'rcome  
 the very Souls of Men; of whom even Na-  
 ture's self became enamour'd, is now be-  
 come an Object so deform'd, so loath'd and  
 so disguis'd, as made it evident Darkness  
 was best to hide that Face which wou'd af-  
 fright the World. All this when *Argalus*  
 had well beheld, and found it was no Dream  
 nor airy Phantom, he fell upon the Ground,  
 and rav'd and rose again, stood still, and  
 gaz'd; starting at first, then standing still,  
 and wond'ring; now looking on the Light,  
 and now on her; as doubting whether what  
 he saw was what it seem'd to him: While  
 thus his Thoughts revolv'd in his own  
 Breast, his Passion strove for Vent, and  
 broke that Peace which conquer'd Reason  
 had of late concluded; and thus began to ar-  
 gue with himself:

Have these false Eyes of mine deluded me?  
 Or have enchanted Mists kept in between  
 the Truth of Things and my abused Sight?  
 No Mischief cannot act so fair a Part as to  
 affright in Jest: It goes beyond the Art of  
 all black Books to mask so sweet a Face with  
 such Disguise: I know that these are Eyes,  
 and this is Light: False Mists could never  
 seporate betwixt my poor *Parthenia* and me.

D

Accursed



Accursed Taper ! What infernal Spright  
breath'd in thy Face ? What Fury lighted  
thee ? Thou Imp of *Pblegeton*, who let thee  
in to force a Day before the Morning dawns ?  
Who brought thee hither ? I ! did I ?  
What lean chapt Fury did I snatch thee  
from ? When as this cursed Hand did go a-  
bout to bring thee in, why went not out  
these Eyes ? Let all such Tapers for thy sake  
be curs'd, nor shine, but at some Vigil or  
sad Wake : Nor e're be seen, but when con-  
founding Grief calls for thy Help at nightly  
Funerals : Be as a May-game for th' amazed  
Bat to sport at, and at which the Owls may  
wonder ; still haunt the Chancels at a Mid-  
night-knell, and from his Passing bell affright  
the Sexton. Give Light to none but Treasons,  
and be hid in their dark Lanthorns ; may'st  
thou nev'r appear in any Room where Mirth  
has ought to do. Attend and wait at some  
Miser's Table, that he may curse thee for  
the Haste thou mak'st : O let that flattering  
Flame thou feed'st burn dim for ever, and  
consume thy Stock : Be banish'd quite from  
*Cupid's* Court, and whensoever Lovers pur-  
sue their Pleasures, let your Flames go out.  
Henceforth be only useful to burn Day-light ;  
or to attend the Midnight Cups of such as  
shall resign with Usury their undigested Li-  
quor. Why dost thou burn so clear ? A-  
las ! these Eyes discern too much, thy wan-  
ton

ton Blaze mounts to too high a Pitch ;  
 thou burn'st too bright for such as see no  
 Comfort ; Why dost thou vex me then ?  
 Withdraw thy Light, or else my Breath  
 for ever shall extinguish thee : Not e're to  
 be reviv'd, or re-inlighten'd ; but like my  
 Joys, be gone, be gone for ever.

With that, transported with a furious  
 Haste, he blew it out ; but lo, that very Blast,  
 (as if design'd to dart a Ray of Hope in his  
 despairing Heart,) reviv'd the extinguish'd  
 Flame. He stands amaz'd, and having view'd  
 the Taper, it from him forc'd a Smile, and  
 thus he spake :

And can th' immortal Gods themselves  
 find out a Way for Hope ? Can my past  
 Joys revive, like this rekindl'd Fire ? Well,  
 if they do, I'll curse my Lips, bright Lamp,  
 for cursing thee : Eternal Fates, deal fairly ;  
 dally not, if your conceal'd Bounties have  
 design'd that my extinguish'd Hope shall e're  
 revive, O let me know it, bring it forth to  
 View : But if your Justice has determin'd to  
 exercise your Vengeance on my Woe, raise  
 not those Hopes that you intend to cast into  
 the bottomless and dark Abyss of dire De-  
 spair — And there he stopp'd, as fear-  
 ing to molest the silent Peace of her dissem-  
 bled Slumber : But gaz'd upon her stood  
 as in a Trance, and sometimes would ad-  
 vance her lively Hand to his sad Lips, then

steal it down again : Sometimes a Tear wou'd fall upon't, and then a Sigh must dry it ; every Kiss produc'd a Sigh, and every Sigh begat a Tear : He kiss'd sigh'd, wept, and then would fix his eyes upon her wounded Face : Then whispering to himself, he thus discours'd :

And were the Sun beams of these Eyes too fierce for Mortal View : Or were those Flames thought too consuming for th' amaz'd Beholder ? Or did thy Youth make Treason bolder grow, and by a Mid-night-theft to steal more Beauty t' an the Day cou'd thew ? Or did that blind and childish God discern a kind of Twilight from that heavenly Eye, which being over-bright he sought t'eclipse, by blurring that which else had blasted him ? Or did the Sea born Goddess Queen repine to see her Eyes so much out shine her Star ; and thereupon being fill'd with Rage and Envy, sent down a Cloud t'eclipse so fair a Light ? Or did the wiser Deities fore see this likely Danger, That when Men should find so bright a Lamp, fearing they shou'd commit Idolatry, did thus benight it : Or did t'e too too careful Gods, conspiring a Good for Man, transcending Man's Desires ; and fearing the Effects of her bright Eyes, gave them a Wound, lest they shou'd wound too many ? Before the Sound of his last Breath was gone

gone (her Speech with a powerful Groan, being marshall'd through the rude Confluence and amazed Croud of her distracted Thoughts) her feeble Tongue exprest these Words : Thus fleet, thus transitory is Man's Delight, and all poor Earth can give of painted Show ; Nor Wealth, nor Blood, nor Beauty can quit that necessary Debt they owe to Change and Time, but like a Flower they flourish now, that in one Moment fades. The World's compos'd of Change ; all alters, all decays ! Nothing stays at the same Point, but like a Play every Age concludes her Scene, and departs ; and when Time's hasty Hour glass is run, the Play is ended, and Change is the Epilogue. Who acts the King to Day, never busies to play the Beggar to Morrow : Whose Beauty was ador'd o'er Night, may next Day find a Face like mine, not worth the Scorning : Look where you will, and you'll see nothing constant but Inconstancy.

Most dear *Parthenia*, replied *Argalus*, had thy deceiv'd Eye but slept aside, and look't upon thy *Argalus's* Breast, I know, I know thy Language had declar'd another Faith ; Thy Lips at unawares had never let so great a Heresie escape. 'Tis not thy Change of Favour, that can change my Heart : nor Time nor Fortune can alienate my best Affections, so for ever fixt on thee ; Nothing

but Death can sever my Soul and thine : If I had lov'd thy Face alone, my Fancy long e're this had given place to fresh Desires, and attended upon new Fortunes. If for thy heavenly Eye I had lov'd, I might have courted *Titan's* brighter Majesty : If thy Vermilion Lips had ensnar'd my liquorish Thought, a full ripe Cherry, or a blushing Coral might have diverted that, or if the Smoothness of thy arched Brow had charm'd my Eyes, polish'd Marble might have given as much Content, and equal'd that Delight : In brief, had Beauty's bare Epitomy alone pleas'd *Angalus's* flatter'd Eye, thy curious Picture might have supplied those Wants more fully than all the World beside ; No, no, 'twas neither Brow, nor Lip, nor Eye, nor any outward Excellence urg'd me to love *Parthenia* : It was thy better Part (which Mischief ne're can wrong) surprized my well advised Heart ; Thy Beauty like the Chrystal Case, thro' which the admirable Jewel shin'd, made me love the incomparable Casket for its more admired sake : No, no, my pointed Eye pierc'd further in, run deeper than the Skin else I had now been changed, and that firm Duty I owe my Vows, had faded with your earliest Bloom : Nay, never weep, *Parthenia*, let no Tears e're bewail that Loss, which a few after Moments had claim'd as due : Cheer up, my Dearest, thou

thou  
Sick  
haps  
that  
tera  
Fan  
ledg  
end  
affe  
Ne  
the  
the  
wh  
ve  
th  
o  
c  
f  
t  
f

If thou hast but forsaken that, which a little Sickness would have stript you of, perhaps with greater Disadvantage ! Or Age, that universal Evil, wou'd have quite obliterated ; Beauty's but bare Opinion ; 'tis Fancy gives the White and red their Priviledge ; What one Man likes, another can't endure, and what a third most hates a fourth affects as-much. What affrights us most, the Negro thinks most fair. If then Opinion is the Touch whereby all Beauty's try'd, *Parthenia* out-shines fair *Helen* in my Eye, or whoe'er's more fair. Cheer up then, the Sovereignty of thy Captive Beauty infranches thee, and thy Vertue enobles all these Strains of thy ill Fortune. Come, what others think, concerns us not, a Letter's but a Blot to such as can't read ; but to those that can, the fair Impression of a Quill is easily distinguished from a heedless Slur. My skilful Eyes discern those Graces in thy Face, that others take to be meer Blemishes. What then delays the Triumphs of our Nuptials ? She, though wanting Beauty, is the fairest Bride, that is adorn'd with Virtue.

A Bride said she, and a Bridal Chamber ! a Grave's more fit ; Death is my Bride-groom, and with a loyal Heart I'll plight my second Faith to welcome Death ; and when that joyful Day shall cease these Sorrows, and conjoyn with mine, my Pole fac'd Bride-groom's



The Renowned History of  
groom's lingering Hand, these Triumphs shall  
grace that Day.

Time with his empty Hour glass shall lead  
the Triumph on, moving but slowly with his  
winged Hoof: After him shall follow the  
chaste *Diana* with her Virgin Crew, all  
crown'd with Cypress Garlands: After  
them, in Rank, the impartial Destinies:  
Then in a Sable Chariot the Bride shall sit,  
faintly drawn by harness'd Virgins, vail'd  
all with purest Crape; Despair and Grief  
shall go like heartless Bridemaids, upon  
either Hand: Upon the Chariot shall be  
plac'd the little winged God, with naked  
Arm and Bow unbent, his drooping Wings  
shall cover his bare Knees; his Quiver must  
be unarm'd, and each must extend a Banner,  
in which, in Characters of Gold (fit for e-  
very Eye that runs to read) is writ, *Faith,*  
*Love and Constancy.* Next after, in a disco-  
lour'd Weed, shall Hope sadly march alone,  
a slender Wand shall guide her feeble Steps,  
holding a broken Anchor all besmear'd with  
Sand: And after all, like *Jove's* Lieutenant,  
the Bridegroom shall bring up the Rear:  
He shall be mounted on a coal black Horse,  
his Hand shall hold a Dart, on which shall  
bleed a pierced Heart, wherein a former  
Wound which *Cupid's* Javelin made, shall be  
plainly seen. Whenas this Triumph shall  
adorn our Feast, let *Argalus* be invited, and  
let

let him bid me Nuptial Joy, from whom alone all my hop'd for Joy was once expected.

With that, his Blood retiring from his pale Countenance to assist his almost Death-smitten Heart, he thus bespoke : Unhappiest of all Men, why do I live ? my Rival then is Death ? O sad unequal Chance ! had it been Flesh and Blood, I could have grapl'd, and perchance, have strugl'd thro' some stout Encounters ; had an Army of mortal Rivals ventur'd to have cross'd my best Desires, one Thought of my *Parthenia* had given me Power to make that Army flee like frightened Lambs before the Wolf : But thou, before whose Presence all must stoop their servile Necks, what Weapon shall I hold against thy Hand that will not be put by ? Great Enemy, whose Kingdom's in the Dust and darkness Caves ; thou art just I know, else had the Gods ne'r trusted to thy Hand so great a Privilege and Jurisdiction over the Lives of Men, to kill and save, even when and whom thou pleasest. O, suffer not *Parthenia's* tempting Moan to move thy Heart, let thy hard-hearted Ears be deaf to all her Snits ; if she profess Affection to thee, believe her not ; She's my betroathed Spouse, and Hymenean Vows have firmly joyn'd our Hearts, tho' not yet our Hands ; Where plighted Faith hath given Possession, presume not thou to dispossess. Be just, and tho' her briny Eyes

The Renowned History of  
lament her Grief with Tears, let not those  
Tears prevail; Whom Heaven hath joyn'd  
thy Hands may not disjoyn; *Parthenia's*  
mine, and I *Parthenia's* am. Alas! We are  
but one, then thou must both refuse, or else  
take both together.

My dear *Parthenia*; let no cloudy Passion  
of dull Despair molest thee, or disturb thy  
better Thoughts, to make thee forgetful, or  
thyself cruel; Starve not my pining Hopes  
with longer Refusal, my Love hath Wings,  
and brooks no long Delay; It hovers up and  
down, and finds no Ease, until it light and  
pearch upon thy Breast; Torment him not  
within, these lingring Fires, that's wrackt al-  
ready on his own Distrusts. Then seal the  
Bond whereto thy promis'd Faith hath set  
thy Hand, and deliver it as thy Deed; O  
finish now what so long since our plighted  
Hearts and mutual Vows begun, that by a  
Marriage-day our yet imperfect and half  
Pleasures may receive Perfection.

Whereto she thus replies: Had the pleas'd  
Gods forgiven my Faults, and made me fit  
for *Jove* to bless at large; had all the Pow-  
ers of Heaven (to boast the utmost of their  
Bonnty) bestowed as great Addition to my  
slender Fortune, as they could give, or co-  
vetuous Mind wish for, I vow to Heaven and  
all those heavenly Powers, they should that  
Moment have been all made thine: Nay,  
had

had my Fortunes staid at the Rate they were, had I remained as I was (altho' as best unworthy far of such a peerless Blessing as my *Argalus*) thy dear Acceptance should have fill'd my Heart as full of Joy, as now it is of Grief : But, as I am, let angry *Jove* shower down his Plagues till all are spent upon me, and when I roar, let Heaven deride my Pains when I match *Argalus* to such a Bride : Live happy *Argalus*, let thy Soul receive such Blessings as poor *Parthenia* is incapable of giving : Live happy, and let thy Joys nev'r know an End, may one Blessing still draw on another. O ! may thy better Angel still watch thy Soul, and pitch an everlasting Guard about the Portals of thy tender Heart, and every where encompass thee with Blessings ; let Sorrow, Sickness, and a troubled Breast be Strangers to thee ; let them nev'r find thy Heart at home ; let Fortune still assign such lawless guests to those that love thee not ; and let those Blessings which shall be wanting to such as merit none, always alight on thee

That mutual Faith betwixt us, that of late hath past, I give thee Freedom to transfer to some more fit and more deserving Spouse ; I freely quit thy Vows, and give thee leave : I call the Gods to witness. Nothing shall more bless my Soul, no Comfort can be more truly welcome to me, ( than whate'er become

The Renowned History of  
become of me) to see my *Argalus* so link'd  
in Wedlock as shall most augment his true  
Content and greater Honour.

With that a sudden and tempestuous Tide  
of Tears o'erwhelm'd her Language and  
stopt its Passage, but when Passion's Blood  
retir'd, she thus proceeds : You Gods, if you  
are determined to act my Tragedy, why do  
you injure thus our Patience, and make the  
Play so long ? The Scenes are tedious, a-  
gainst all Rules, you dwell too long, too  
long upon one Part ; be brief, and take  
the Advantage of your Power, one single  
Maid among so many Gods, and not be con-  
quer'd yet ! Conjoyn your Might, and in-  
to eternal Night with speed dispatch her  
Soul ; I'll not resist, provided you strike  
home : Curs'd be that Day wherein these  
Eyes first saw the Light ; let desperate Souls  
invent a Curse sufficient for it ; let the Sun  
ne'r shine upon't, and let Heaven forbid  
Success to whatsoever's begun upon that f-  
ral Day, if not to ensnare the Hand that  
made the Attempt. Why was I born, or  
being born, did not my fonder Nurse e-  
ven whilst my Lips were hanging on her  
Breast, sing her poor Babe to everlasting  
Sleep ? Then my Infant-Soul had never  
known this World of Grief, beneath whose  
Weight, I sink ; no, no, it had not ; he that  
dies in's Bloom, spends a long Business without  
Loss of Time,

But,

Be  
Onse  
Li  
I live  
but  
Grie  
Han  
yet  
of C  
dict  
joy  
alas  
wil  
say  
fid  
pl  
Sl  
wh  
fl  
th  
ce  
S  
J  
a  
a  
i  
v

But thus, impatient *Argalus* renews the Onset to a farther Tryal :

Life of my Soul, by whom, next Heaven, I live, and excepting whom, I have no Friend but Death, how can thy Wishes ease my Grief, or help my Misery ; whereas thy Hand, and nothing but thy Hand, can (tho' yet it refuses to) relieve me ? Strange kind of Charity ! to wish me well, yet interdict the Means, and forbid my Love's Enjoyments. Why ? because beloved. Alas, alas ! if I'm unblest in thee, what's all thy wishing to me ? Thy Beauty's gone ! (tho' say'st) why let it go ; he that loves for outside Beauty, loves but ill : That's all supplied by my true Love, who never yet was Slave to a Complexion : Shall every Day wherein the Earth does want the Sun's Reflection, be expell'd the Almanack ? Or shall thy over curious Steps forbear a Garden because there are no Roses in it ? Or shall the Sun set of *Parthenia's* Beauty enforce my Judgment to neglect that which my best advis'd Affection owes her sacred Virtue, and my solemn Vows ? No, no, it lies not in the Power of Fate to render *Parthenia* unworthy of *Argalus's* Love.

It is as easie for *Parthenia* to prove less virtuous, as for me to start from my firm Faith ; The Flame that Honour's Breath hath blown, nothing but Death has Power to quench.  
Thou.



Thou gav'st me Freedom to choose a fitter Wife; and Freedom to recal and quit those Vows I took: Who gave thee License to dispence with such false Tongues as violate their plighted Faith? Alas, thou can'st not free thy self, much less give me such Power. Vows can admit no Change; They still survive all Chance; They bind, they bind for ever. A Vow's a holy Thing, no Breach that's common; the Limits of a Vow is Heaven and Death; a Vow that's past, is like a Bird that's flown out of thy Hand, and can't be recall'd; it dies not, as a Time-beguiling Jest as soon as vented; when once 'tis utter'd, it lives not in thy Breast, but becomes sacred, and is strait enter'd in the strict and clo'e Record of Heaven: It is like a Jugler's Knot, fast or loose, as pleases us. Since then thy Vows may ne'er be recall'd, recal thy Passion; perform, perform what 'tis too soon to violate, too late to unwith again; seek not to quit what Heaven denies to unloose. Perform thy Vows to Heaven, thy Vows to me.

Thrice dearer than my Soul, (she thus replies) had my own pamper'd Fancy guided my Affection, I had long e'er this complied with your Request, which wou'd have best gratified my Desires too. I have not basely lov'd you for my own brutal Pleasure, as Gluttons do their Diet, who dispence with unwash'd Hands; I lov'd not so, my first

Desires arose from thy own Worth, and as a sacred Thing I always view'd thee, whom my Zeal won't suffer to prophane with these defiled Hands; 'tis true Performance is a Debt to Vows, and than a Vow, nothing is dearer: Yet when the Gods do ravish from our Hands the Means to keep it, 'tis surely a dispensing with it. He that hath vow'd to sacrifice at *Juno's* Altar ev'ry Day, is bound and ought to obey: But shou'd it please the Gods to strike him with a Leprous Disease, or foul Infection, say, which is better, to prophane the Altar, or break the Vow? The Case is mine; Where then the Gods approve, we may be bold, and yet give no Offence, admit it were an Evil, to choose the least of necessary Ills, is surely our best Way. The Gods are good, the strict Recognizance of Vows, is only taken for the Good of Man; now if that Good prove Ill, we may refuse, our Vows are still intire. I vow a Marriage; Why? because I intirely affect that Man my Vows are to. But if some foul Disease shou'd intervene between our promis'd Marriage and our Vows; the strict Performance of those Vows wou'd shew, I wrong, and therefore love not whom I love: Then urge no more, but betwixt my Love and thee, let my Demand be a sufficient Pledge.

And so she ends: But Vehement Desire lends

lends him new Breath; Love makes a Rhetorician: He speaks, he answers, he replies afresh, and stoutly sues, he stoutly she denies, he begs in vain; she still in vain rejects what he still begs: At last, both weary, he adjourns his Suit; for Lovers Days by Turns are good and bad. She bids Farewel, but then, as if both Hearts had but one Motion, they both sigh together: She bids Farewel, but yet she bids it so, as if his going ended her Farewel. He bids Farewel, yet so, as if his Stay promised him better Farewel: At last both sigh'd, both wept, both kiss'd, and so they parted.

## C H A P. II.

*Parthenia goes away privately in a Pilgrim's Habit unknown to Argalus; who coming to see her, and finding her gone, rides up and down in Quest of her, but in vain. And goes to the House of Kalander, whither Parthenia (having been cured at the Court of Queen Helen) comes in Disguise: Her Discourse with Argalus before she made herself known: Which having done, another Marriage-Day is appointed.*

**N**OW Argalus is gone, and now alone Parthenia's weeping, and like the widow'd Turtle she bewails the Absence of her Mate: Now her poor Heart is taught what's Heaven by wanting Heaven, and what's Hell.

Hell by her own Torment: Sorrow now does play the Tyrant's Part; Affection must submit, and like a Weather-cock her various Mind is chang'd, and turn'd with every Breath of Air. In desperate Language she deplores her Case, and fain wou'd wish, but then she knows not what. Resolves on this, on that, and then on neither; she fain wou'd fly, but knows not how: At length (consulting Sorrow and Despair, those heartless ill Advisers) she resolv'd by Flight to seek for Death, and take the Advantage of that Night to steal away. A Pilgrim's Weed from Head to Foot address'd her lifeless Limbs, a Thong of Leather bless'd her wasted Loins, her feeble Feet were shod with Sandals, a Pilgrim's Rod was in her trembling Hand. Whenas the illustrious Sovereign of the Day had now begun his Circuit to o'ersee his lower Kingdom, having newlest the Upper World to *Cynthia's* Government, forth went *Parthenia* to begin that Journey which can only end in Death.

Go hapless Virgin, Fortune be thy Guide, and thy own Vertues, and whatever else that may be prosperous; may thy Merits find more Happiness than thy Distress can hope: Live, and to after Ages be the great Example of true Faith and Love. Gone, gone she is, but whither she is gone, the Gods alone and Fortune can resolve.

To

To number forth her weary Steps, or to recount those obvious Dangers that so often beset our poor *Parthenia*, or bring her Miseries on the open Stage; her broken Slumbers, her distracted Dreams, her hourly Fears and Frights, her hungry Fare, her daily Perils, and her nightly Escapes from ravenous Beasts, is not my Task.

We leave *Parthenia* now, and our Discourse must cast a Eye, and bend her settled Way to *Argalus*.

When *Argalus* next Morning (intending a Visit to his dear *Parthenia*) perceiv'd she was fled, and not knowing whither, he makes no Stay even to drink, but clapt his hasty Knees to his fleet Courser, and away he rides; his Haste enquires no Way (who knows not where he goes, fears not to lose his Road) one while he pricks upon the fruitful Plains, and then his prouder Reins he gently slackens, and climbs the barren Hills; with fresh Careers he tries the right-hand Way, and then he turns his Course upon the left; one while he chooses this Path, when by and by his Fancy strikes upon another; sometimes he wanders among the Springs, and solitary Groves, where on the tender Barks of sundry Trees he engraves *Parthenia's* Name with his; then flies to the wild Campaign, his proud Steed throws up the hopeful Fallows, with his horned Hoof, he balks no Way,  
rides

rides over Hill and Vale, when led by Fortune to Diana's Fountain, he strait dismounts his Steed, begins to quench his thirsty Lips, and after that to bath his fainting Limbs in that sweet Stream in which *Parthenia's* dainty Fingers oft had been; the Fountain was upon a deep Descent, whose gilding Current Nature gave Passage thro' a firm Rock, which to preserve it to after Ages, had been wall'd and roof'd with Stone. *Diana's* Image was plac'd above the Chrystal Fountain's Head, tho' of late defac'd; beneath, a rocky Cistern held the Water, sliding it thro' Cocks of Cane, whose curious Current the World's greater Eye ne'er view'd but in its Mid-day Glory. It was that Fountain, where in former Days, poor *Corydon* compos'd his rural Rhimes, and left them closely hid for his hard marble-hearted *Phyllida* to find. All Rites perform'd, his Steed he mounts, and his lost time with a new Speed redeems, and with a fresh Supply renews his Progress, none knows whither and brooking no Delay, pursues his vow'd Adventure (his Mind as doubtful as his Road) he journies on, he left no Course unthought; no Traveller unask'd; no Place unexamined.

To make a Journal of each obvious Chance, each Circumstance and Change of Fortune that beset his tedious Travel, to relate the brave Attempt of this or that Exploit, his rare



rare Atchievements, and their fair Success, his noble Courage in the greatest Extremity, his desperate Dangers, his Deliverances, his high Esteem with Men which did enhance his meanest Actions to the Throne of Jove, and what he suffer'd for *Parthenia's* sake, would make our Volume endless, apt to tire the utmost Patience of a studious Eye: All which the Bounty of a free Conceit may sooner reach to, than my Pen rehearse.

But still bright *Cynthia's* Head had three times thrice repair'd her empty Horns, and fill'd the World with her great Globe of Light, this restless Lover ceas'd not Night nor Day, to wander in a solitary Quest to find her out, whose Love had taught to wade thro' the Dregs of Sorrow, and to count all Joys but Follies, weigh'd with her at least.

It happen'd now that twice six Months were run, since wandering *Argalus* first undertook his toilsome Progress, who had spent in vain a Year of Hours, and yet no Success, when Fortune brought him to a goodly Mansion, wall'd round about with Hills, yet not greater than pleasant, and less curious than strong, yielding as much Delight as Strength, whose only Outside did discover the Master's Judgment, and the Builder's Care: All round the Castle, Nature had lavish'd the Bounties of her Treasure; about the well-fenc'd Meadows, fill'd with Summer's Pride,

was well secured the promised Provision for approaching Winter : Near which the neighbouring Hills, well stock'd with Milk white Flocks, did severally yield their Blessings, and deserv'd Return to painful Husbandry, that Child of Peace. It was *Kalander's* Seat, the lost *Parthenia's* late deceased Mother's Brother : He was a Gentleman whom vain Ambition ne'er taught to undervalue the Quality of private Gentry ; who prefer'd the Love of his respected Neighbours beyond the apish Congies of the unconstant Court : Ambitious not of a great, but a good Name ; belov'd of his Prince, yet not depending so upon his Favours, as to be always waiting on his Person ; and in brief, too great within himself for Fortunes Hand to wrong : Thither came wandering *Argalus*, and met as great Content, as one bereft of all his Joys, could take ; or he, that cou'd strive to express the greatest Welcome, tell you : His richly furnish'd Table rather shew'd a common Bounty, than a curious Feast ; where the choice of precious Wines were serv'd to you in liberal sort, not urg'd, but freely offer'd : The careful Servants duly did attend, no need to bid them come or go : Each knew his Place and Office, and could tell his Master's Pleasure in his Master's Eye : But what can relish a distemper'd Taste ? Can the choicest Entertainment please a sick Palate ?

late? No, there's no Satisfaction can arrive to *Argalus*, whose constant Soul is bent to tire his Thought; *Kalander's* Love, that at other times wou'd ravish, cannot stir this fix'd Heart which Passion now engages to abjure all Pleasures, and forswear all Delights.

It fortun'd on a Day, that having din'd *Kalander* and his Noble Guests intending to exchange their Pleasure in the open Air, a Messenger came in, and told him, he was sent to recommend a Noble Lady to him, near a-Kin to fair Queen *Helen*, whose unskillful Guide had so misled her, that she is forc'd to crave to be your bold, though unknown Guest to Night, and by his Help to be inform'd to find that Way to Morrow, which to Day she lost. *Kalander*, whose Ambition was always to express the bounteous Extent of his free Treat, and therefore glad of the Opportunity, thus returns the Salutation, and withal promises Welcome to so fair a Guest. Forth with his Noble Friends he goes (all but poor Pensive *Argalus*, who confines his secret Fancy to his private Thoughts.) mounting on their prancing Steeds to meet his fair and unexpected Stranger, at whose first Sight, *Kalander* stands as one amaz'd, for he suppos'd it was *Parthenia*, and therefore thus accosts her: Madam, said he, if these mine aged Eyes retain that wonted Strength which Age forbids

ids to many of my Years, I should be bold  
in viewing you, to say I see my Niece *Par-*  
*thenia's* Face, nor, by your Leave, can I per-  
swaded be but you are so.

Thrice noble Sir, said she, perhaps you  
wrong the fair *Parthenia* by your Mistake,  
and too much honour me, that am more fit  
to be her Foil than Picture, if my Judgment  
fail me not; yet have many an Eye ( she ha-  
ving-been absent ) given the like Sentence;  
nay, I have been told, my own have often  
been mistaken in distinguishing us.

Said then *Kalander*, if my rash Judgment  
hath made a Fault, mine Error shall await  
your gracious Pardon: It seems I was not  
deceiv'd alone, and whosoever should view  
*Parthenia's* Visage, would be equally, and  
full as much mistaken.

But, Madam, for her sake, and for yours  
too, whose Worth may challenge to itself  
alone, more Service than *Kalander* can ex-  
press) Y'are truly welcome, enter and accept  
this Castle as your own, which can be blest in  
nothing more than in so fair a Mistress.

With this Reply the Lady entred then:  
Let everlasting Joys be multiplied within  
these gentle Gates, and let them stand to Af-  
ter-times as everlasting Monuments of the  
rare and beauteous Arcadian Hospitality;  
Let Strangers passing by, bless the succeed-  
ing Heirs that shall descend from such a Lord,  
from such a noble Patron.

When

When a little Respite had repair'd her weary Limbs, which Travel had discompos'd, the Freeness of the Occasion did offer new Subjects to discourse, wherein they spent no little Time : Among the rest *Kalander* wou'd ( tho' often stopt with Tears ) relate the Love of *Argalus* and his lost *Parthenia*, whose undissembled Passion mov'd a general Grief; the more they heard of his sad Tale, the more they wish'd it ended.

Madam, said he, altho' your Visages do not, yet may your Fortunes disagree, Poor Girl ! and as he spake that Word, his Eyes let fall a Tear.

Says then the Lady, My Soul doth suffer for *Parthenia's* sake : But tell me, Sir, did *Argalus* leave her whom he so much lov'd ? Where, and how hath he spent his Days e're since ?

Madam, he answers when his Marriage-day drew near, Mischief, that now grew watchful, play'd her studied Master-piece, and with an ugly Leprosie did so disguise her beauteous Face, that she became a Terror to her own self : But *Argalus*, the great Example of truest Constancy, whose loyal Heart, not guided by his Eyes, disdain'd to recede from his past Vows, and in Despight of Fortune pursu'd his fixt Desires, and did endeavour the intended Marriage nevertheless : But she, whom Reason had now taught



to dislike such distracted Thoughts, stands deaf and mute, and at the last, to avoid his further Importunity, not making any privy to her Intention, she quits the House, and steals away by Night. But, Madam, whenas *Argalus* perceiv'd that she was fled; and being quite disappointed of his just Hope, poor Lover! He assails by toilsom Pilgrimage to end his Life, or find her out. Now twice six Months have run there tedious Courses, since he first attempted his fruitless Journey, ranging up and down, and suffering as many Sorrows, as one Year cou'd send, and made by those Extreames unapt for Travel, Fortune brought him hither, where he as yet remains, till time recover his wasted Body fit to prosecute his discontinued Progress, and renew his great Inquest for her, who at first Sight, Madam you seem'd to be.

So said, the Lady from whose tender Eyes some Drops did slide, whose Heart did bear its equal Part with both their Sorrows, said, And is there then, in Men such unexpected Constancy.

*Most Noble Sir*, If my too rash Desires may be dispenc'd withal, without the Danger of too great a Boldness, I shou'd desire to see this noble Lord, in whose rare Mind more Honour dwells than in whole Greece, or all the World beside: I have a Message



90      The Renowned History of  
to him, and am unwilling to do it, were I  
not engag'd by Oath.

To which *Kalander*, not in Words but  
Deeds applies himself to give a Satisfaction  
to her propounded Wish; nor any longer  
does delay the time, but hastes to *Argalus*,  
who soon comes down; and Salutation given  
and receiv'd she thus accosts him :

*My Noble Lord*, Whereas the loud re-  
founding Trump of shrill-mouth'd Fame  
hath noised your Worth abroad, and mag-  
nify'd your Name above all others, O let  
your Goodness now make that Report ap-  
pear to be well grounded; that I my self  
may by Experience know what I have only  
the Happiness as yet to hear from others :  
And if the Frailty of a Woman's Wit thou'd  
chance t'offend, be noble, and forgive it.  
Then know, most noble Lord, my native  
Place is *Corinth* of the self same Race and  
Blood with fair Queen *Hellen*, in whose Roy-  
al Court I had my Birth and Breeding. To  
be brief, Thither not many Days ago there  
came (except the Name, disguis'd and chang-  
ed in all things) the rare *Parthenia*, so in  
Shape transform'd, deform'd in Face, and  
alter'd in her Features, that in my own  
weak Judgment, all this Region could hard-  
ly shew a Spectacle more loathsome; long  
was it e're her oft-repeated and solemn Pro-  
testations could awake my over-dull Belief,  
that

that it was she ; until at last some private Passages that heretofore had only been transacted between me and *Parthenia*, gave me a full Assurance it could be none but she. And then she had from me as kind a Welcome as Souls so sad as her's and mine, for such a dismal Change, cou'd either give or take. So like we were in Face, in Speech, in Stature, that whosoe'er saw One, did in that one see both ; And yet were not our Forms so much alike, as our Afflictions ; one Sorrow serv'd us both ; and so our Joy : Our Griefs and Joys were equally the same. We often spent much private time together ; and neither hardly was herself without the other's Company ; The strange Occurents of her dire Misfortune she oft discours'd, which still as often drew Tears from my Eyes to weep her sad Misfortunes ; for by a secret in-bred Sympathy I was a true Partaker of her Miseries. But as she spake, the Accent of her Story would always point to the eternal Praise of your admired Constancy ; which whosoever shall in After-ages presume to hear, without admiring it, let him be abdicated from all Mankind, and proclaim'd Rebel to all vertuous Actions ; yea, let his Name be branded with Dishonour to all succeeding Ages. But ah ! what Simples is there can be found by *Esculapius* his mighty Skill, to stanch so true a Lover's bleeding Heart ?

or what can be applied by Humane Skill, to turn the Course of Love's Phlebotomy ! Love is a secret Fire inspir'd by Heaven, which when it has no Hopes to feed upon, works on the very Soul, and does torment the inmost Parts of Man, which wasted in the Conflict, often shrinks beneath that Burden that's too heavy for him. All this your poor *Parthenia* too well knows, whose Bedrid Hopes not having Power to quell the raging Fury of extream Despair, she languished, and not able to overcome the Will of her victorious Passion, cry'd out, *My dearest Argalus, Farewel,*; and so resign'd her precious Life to Fate.

My Lord, not long before her latest Breath had freely paid to Death its full Arrear, she call'd me to her, whilst her dying-Hand fast holding mine, within her Eyes there stood a Shower of unwept Tears; and in my Ears she whisper'd so that all the Room might hear it, *Sister*, said she, (for so she call'd me still, and all that saw us, guess'd us to be such) *The last Sand of my poor Life is almost now run out : Those Joys I once thought Heaven ordain'd for me, to thee I here bequeath ; possess them freely : And when sweet Death shall clarify my Thoughts, and from the Dregs of all my Faults shall drain them, do thou enjoy them free from all their Dross ; and let thy prosperous Voyage be address'd to the fair Port of Argalus, and in his*  
*Breast*

Breast cast Anchor. For by this dying Breath, nothing can please me better, nor make my Joys more perfect after Death, than to behold a Marriage, consummate betwixt my dearest Argalus and thee. This Ring, the Pledge betwixt his Heart and mine, I give to thee, as freely as he gave it me: And with it to thy faithful Heart surrender my sacred Vows, and all the Right and Title that ever I have had in such a Blessing. Go to him then, and in my Name conjure him, That whatsoever Love he bare to me, that he to thee transfer the very same; which granted, live thou happy, constant and loyal: And as she spoke that Word, her Voice did change, her Breath grew cold, her Tongue began to falter, and cou'd proceed no farther, but lay as in a Trance, till on a sudden she forc'd her Language to the Heighth, and saying, Farewel, my dearest Argalus, and dy'd.

And now, my Lord, altho' this Office be unsuited to my Sex, and disagree too much perhaps with that too mean Condition of my poor State, and so is far more like to be derided, than to find Acceptance, yet since it was Parthenia's last Desire, her extraordinary Merits may excuse this Breach of Custom: Wherefore incited by her dear Direction, my own Desires, and by the Excellency of your transcendant Worth, I here present you with a faithful Heart, a Heart devoted wholly to your Service; and

which proposes in itself no Happiness but in the being yours; which makes me hope you will my Boldness pardon; since if a Fault, 'tis but a Fault in Love. And why should Custom do our Sex that Wrong, to take away from us the Priviledge, of the disclosing of our own Affections, and telling our own Tales? She that is in Pain has a sufficient Warrant to seek out for what she knows would be a certain Cure to ease her of her Grief. Then give me leave, my Lord, to reinforce a Virgin's Suit; and to think ne'r the worse of profer'd Love; but freely to accept what I do freely give.

So ending, Silence did enlarge her Ear to hear his gracious Words with quick Attention: But *Argalus*, whose Passion had spoil'd his amorous Courtship, returned no Answer till his trickling Eyes had shed some Tears as earnest of the rest that were to follow for *Purthenia's* Obsequies, when his beloved Privacy would give them leave. True Grief abhors the Light: He truly grieves, who grieves without a Witness. His Passion thus unwillingly suspended, he from his Eyes wip'd off his briny Tears and turning to the Lady, thus replied:

Madam, Your no less rare than noble Favours, declare how much you merit, and how much I owe your great Desert, which claims more Thankfulness than my poor Dearth

Dearth of Language can express. But most of all, I stand for ever bound to you for that great Goodness my *Parthenia* found from you in Distress; in which respect I ever shall esteem you (as, to speak more Truth, I am in Duty bound) the Flower of noble Courtesie: For which I ever shall proclaim your high Deservings. Lady, as I am a poor unhappy Wretch, the very Scorn of all Prosperity, distress'd, forlorn, unworthy of the least Favour you can give, I, whilst I live; will be your Slave and Beadsmān. But for this weighty Matter you propound, altho' I see how much it would contribute to my great Happiness, yet, noble Lady, Heaven knows I can't dispose of my own Thoughts, nor have I the least Power to do what else you needed not perswade me to. For, trust me, were this Heart of mine my own, to part withal, according to my Pleasure, none but your self should challenge it. But 'twas long since so given to *Parthenia*, I neither can nor will revoke the Grant.

To which she thus replied, Most noble Sir, Death having made a sad Divorce between you, hath now return'd to you your Heart again, dissink'd that sacred Chain, dissolv'd those Vows which ty'd your Souls: Nay, more, her dying Breath bequeath'd your Heart to me, which Death has made a Debt that now your self is bound to pay.



Then know, my Lord, the longer you refuse to pay the Legacy she has bequeath'd, the longer by your Means she is depriv'd of her desired Rest.

To this, after some Pause, distressed *Agas* return'd this Answer :

Incomparable Lady, When first of all, by Heaven's divine Appointment ; we lov'd, we lik'd, we link'd our dear Affections with solemn Oaths in Presence of the Gods, we both exchange'd our Hearts ; which to confirm, I gave, and she receiv'd the Ring which now you wear, by which she did resign her Heart to me, and in Exchange I gave my own to her. Now, Madam, by a mutual Commerce my exchange'd Heart is not my own but hers ; which if it to survive her had the Power, the being dead, what Heart have I to give ? Or if that Heart expired in her Death, she could bequeath no Heart at all to you: In her my dear Affection first began, in her it liv'd, in her it had Perfection : In her it joy'd, altho' since cross'd by Fate ; and as in her't began, in her-it ended. If I had lov'd, if I had only lov'd *Parthenia's* Beauty, I might have been perswaded to moderate my Sorrow, and have given that Love to you. which have *Parthenia's* Face : But 'twas *Parthenia's* self I lov'd, and love, which as nor Time nor Change can e're dissolve, so neither Fate nor Death can e're destroy.

She

She half enrag'd, made him this Return,  
 her Countenance being cover'd with Frowns  
 and Smiles, Shall I thus be disgrac'd, and  
 suffer this Denial? Are these the signal Fa-  
 vours I expected? Shall I have nothing but  
 a Repulse at Parting.

Most noble Lady, said he, if my Words  
 don't suit your Expectation, impute them  
 only to the Misery of my Condition, which  
 makes my Tongue out-run my Understand-  
 ing, and say the Things I know not. Mi-  
 stake not a raving Lover that only studies  
 how to oblige and honour you. All the Joys,  
 alas! that ever I received at the Hand of  
 Fortune, are all of 'em buried and sleep in the  
 Grave of dear *Parthenia*, with whom er'e long  
 I am sure to meet, and never to part more.

This said, she flew with winged haste in-  
 to his Bosom, and clasp'd him within the  
 Folds of her Arms; Weeping for Joy, till  
 Tears had stopt her Speech; and when she  
 had recover'd Breath, wou'd weep again.  
 Just as oft have I seen an *April* Shower send  
 down its hasty Bubbles and then stopt;  
 then storms afresh, thro' whose transparent  
 Drops the unobscured Lamp of Heaven con-  
 veys the brighter Beams of his refulgent  
 Glory: So there resided in her blushing  
 Cheeks a mixt Aspect, 'twixt Smiles and  
 Tears divided so evenly, and with a Poise  
 so equal, that it was hard for a Man to

say whether she wept and smil'd, or smil'd and wept; holding him fast, and like a fainting Lover that had a License to reveal her Passion: Since then, said she, thy Heart is not for me, give it to her for whom thou still hast kept it: Come, dearest *Argalus*, and take in me thine own *Parthenia*, for I am thine.

*Believe it Love, these are no false Alarms:*

*Thou hast thine own Parthenia in thy Arms.*

Like some poor Beggar-man, whose pinching Wants implores Relief each Day from Door to Door; yet from uncharitable People hears no Tidings but of Beadles and their Whips, but finds by chance some unexpected Treasure, which he takes up, and is so overjoyful, and so transported, that he scarce believes so great a Truth, and dares not trust his Eyes, but fears 'tis some Illusion or flattering Dream: So *Argalus* amazed at the News, fain would believe but dares not trust his easie Faith too soon, for fear a Disappointment should increase his Grief; and therefore to his Heart he by Degrees imparts the happy Truth; until at last, stopt by his Passion, falling on his Knees, he thus began:

O ye eternal Powers! that have the happy Conduct of our Souls, who can do that by your Prerogative, which 'tis a Sin for Man to dive into, whose undiscover'd Actions

are

I'd are too deep for Mortals Thoughts, either  
 to enquire, or ask a Reason of 'em: Delude  
 not my poor Eyes with the false Shew of such  
 a Blessing I must ne'er enjoy, but in a Dream;  
 yet if it be a Dream, O let me never wake a-  
 gain to see my self deceiv'd, and have my  
 Grief redoubled.

Much more he utter'd to the same Effect;  
 then blest himself, and with a Sigh unbended  
 his aching Knees, and rising from the Ground,  
 he cast his rolling Eyes about, and saw the  
 Room quite empty and himself alone; the  
 Door half clos'd, and his *Parthenia* vanish'd.  
 This made his Passions grow into Extreame:  
 I knew, said he, it was but a flattering Vision,  
 a Minute's Joy, a Flash blown by the Fan-  
 cy, full of pleasing Trouble, which waking  
 breaks, and empties into Air, and breathes  
 a fresh Despair into my Soul. I knew 'twas  
 nothing but a golden Dream; which wak-  
 ing makes my Misery much more great; be-  
 cause when waking I shall nev'r enjoy, O  
 where, O where, my dear *Parthenia*, tell  
 me, art thou that so delud'd mine Eyes, and  
 Ears? O that my wak'ned Fancy cou'd in-  
 deed but represent unto my real Sight what  
 my deceived Eyes beheld, that so I with Ex-  
 cess of Joy might end my Life. — With  
 that the fair *Parthenia*, whose Desire was  
 all this while to try his Constancy, slept in,  
 and said, Then *Argalus*, here take thy true  
*Par-*

*Parthenia*; now thou dost not dream: Be-  
 hold this Ring, whose Motto does unfold  
 the Constancy of our divided Hearts: Be-  
 hold these Eyes, that for thy sake have wept  
 a World of Tears, unpitied, unlamented:  
 Behold this Face that had of late the Power  
 to curse all Beauty, yet it self secure. Wit-  
 ness the Taper, whose prophetick Snuff was  
 with one Puff extinguish'd and reviv'd. And  
 that my Words thy dull Belief may whet,  
 'twas I that roar'd beneath the Scourge of  
 Grief, when thou did'st curse the Darknels for  
 concealing my Face, and then the Taper for  
 discovering of it; so foul my Face was grown.  
 'Twas I that overcome with violent Despair,  
 continu'd deaf to all thy Perswasions. I 'twas  
 that in thy Absence did resolve to dye a  
 wandring Pilgrim, trusting to be led by For-  
 tune to my Death: But see the Powers a-  
 bove can work their Ends in spite of Mor-  
 tals: Whate'er Man designs, the Heavens  
 dispose as they see fit, and order all Events:  
 For when my Thoughts were desperately  
 fix'd to mine own Ruine, I was led by Fate  
 (through Dangers now too tedious to describe)  
 to fair *Q. Hellen's* Court, not knowing to what  
 Place my unexpected Steps were guided. Thi-  
 ther my Genius brought me; where, unknown  
 to all, I mourn'd in Silence, tho' observ'd by  
 many, reliev'd by none; until at length,  
 they told the fair Queen *Hellen* of my strange  
 Com.

Complaint, whose noble Heart did truly sympathize with mine in my Afflictions; and fill'd with Pity, strongly did importune to tell the Cause of my disastrous Fate; and never rested till she did enforce these Lips of mine t'acquaint her with the whole: Which done, her gracious Pleasure did commit me to her Chirurgion's Care, unto whose skilful Hand she left my foul Disease, whose Sovereign Skill in twenty Days restor'd to me this Face. The Cure once perfected, she sent about, tho' without my Knowledge, to find the Party out for whose dear sake I was contented to endure such Grief with unrepented Patience: Hoping, since by her means and help of Art, my Face was cur'd even so to cure my Mind, and take away the Cause of all my Sorrow. But when the welcome Messenger return'd, and found the happy Place of thy Abode, O how my Heart burn'd with Desire to kiss her Hand, and so to leave the Court! But she (whose Royal Favours did exceed what I can say, as much as they transcended my Deserts) detain'd me for a while, as loth to part with her poor Handmaid: 'Till at last, pretending a Lover's Haste; which she soon understood, presently comply'd with my Desires, and sent me thus attended: Where under a false Mask, I laid this Plot, to see whether my Argalus did yet remember his supposed dead Parthenia,



*thenia*; but happy I, to hear what I have heard, and what none else must hope to hear beside me. Now farewell Sorrow, and let black Despair go seek new Guests: No Mischief shall hereafter dare to invade our Hearts: For *Argalus* shall now enjoy his true *Parthenia*, whilst she revives him; and we will both bless Heaven for this our happy unexpected Meeting.

With this, the well-nigh broken-hearted Lover, surpriz'd with too much Joy, began to vent what his long-silent Tongue cou'd hardly speak: And to those Eyes behold once more what Deep Despair deny'd 'em e'er to hope for! To see this fair, this lovely Face, to see the fair *Parthenia's* Face once more! And is there so much Happiness yet left for a poor broken Heart, a Heart depriv'd of Power t'enjoy what Heaven had Power to give! And *does Parthenia* live and breathe again!

Who ever saw the Pole affecting Magnet approach th' Embraces of the Neighb'ring Steel, by the unknown and mutual Law of Nature's secret Working, strive each to be attracted to the other, until they join and touch: Just so this Pair of greedy Lovers meet, both strongly charm'd in each the other's Arms; sealing afresh with numerous ardent Kisses the new confirm'd Patent of their approaching Happiness.

To

To tell you all the tender Things that  
 past between the happy Pair at this blest  
 Meeting, wou'd take more Room than I have  
 here to spare. Let it suffice only in brief  
 to say, That there was all the Endearments  
 past between them, that Love and Honour  
 wou'd admit. Nor will I undertake to tell  
 the Joy the brave *Kalander* took to find his  
 Neice under the Covert of a disguised Stran-  
 ger: It is enough to say, that these first  
 Transports being past, another Marriage-  
 Day was fix'd upon: To which ('cause he  
 before was disappointed) I will presume  
 one more t'invite my Reader.

*Whilst he in heavy Consort joins with me,  
 To pray it may far more propitious be.*

---

*The End of the Second Book.*

---

**T H E**

# THE HISTORY OF

*Argalus and Parthenia.*

---

## The Third Book.

---

### CHAP. I.

*Argalus is married to Parthenia: The Magnificence of the Solemnity at large described; with the Masks, Speeches, and other extraordinary Entertainments used upon that happy Occasion.*

**W**Hen once 'twas known in brave *Kalander's* House, that the fair Stranger late arriv'd there, was his lost Neice, the fair *Parthenia*, and *Argalus* in her had found a *Remedy* for all those Grievs that had so long oppress'd him; it caus'd a Joy so great and universal, that may far better be perceiv'd, than exprest: It put new Life in all the noble Family, and ev'ry thing lookt with another Air; all Wits were set on work for quaint Devices to grace the happy *Nuptials* of that happier Couple, the constant *Argalus* and fair *Parthenia*: For they once more had fix'd a Time for the  
Com.

Compleating of their Happiness ; and fear'd  
no fatal Interruption now from Hell's chief  
Emissary, the accurs'd *Demagoras* ; who now  
was ready to burst with Envy at the Disap-  
pointment of all his villanous and treache-  
rous Artifices.

And now at last the happy Day is come,  
and 'tis high time to bid the Bridegroom  
Joy : Hail, noble *Argalus*, the Cock-boat  
now stands ready for thy Landing ; thou  
may'st securely now stand forth and take thy  
fairest Bride into thy close Embraces, and  
strike up *Cupid's* fresh Alarms upon her melt-  
ing Lips : Take Tole at least, before thou  
set'st her dainty Foot upon the happy Shoar :  
Then lead her to the Bed of Love and Ho-  
nour. Go, happy Pair, and let the Morning  
Sun guild your Delights, and spend his earli-  
est Beams upon your Marriage Triumphs : Let  
his flaming Chariot move to the West apace,  
and make it Night some Hours before the usual  
Time be come. And let a Confluence of Joy  
attend the faithful Bridegroom and his fairest  
Bride. Let your own Vertues light you to your  
Rest, while we wait at your celebrated Nupti-  
als. And may each Moment of our happy lives  
be all as calm as was the peaceful Night that  
usher'd in your long expected welcome Wed-  
ding-day ? In which no breath of Wind had  
Power to stir the Aspine-leaf, nor urge th' aspi-  
ring Smoak : Sweet was the Air, and clear, no  
Star

Star was hid, nor envious Cloud was stirring; whilst round about in each resounding Grove (as if the winged Choristers of Heaven had strove to excel) the warbling *Philomela* vies and compares by turns her Polyphonian Notes with all the rest.

But now the pale fac'd Empress of the Night had surrender'd up her borrow'd Lustre, and to the lower World had now withdrawn, attended with her lesser Train of Fires; and early *Hesper* shot his golden Head to usher *Titan* from his Bed of Purple; and grey-ey'd *Janitor* does now begin to open his Eastern Portals, and let the new-born Day into the World; and see the dewy cheek'd *Aurora* does already unfold her Purple Curtains, richly befring'd with Gold; whilst the illustrious *Phœbus* now is risen from the soft Pillow of his Crocean Bed, and with his all discerning Eye surveys the gladsome Earth, and with his chearful Rays new guilds the Mountains. Now, now it is that the long-waking *Argalus*, who only blam'd the Night for having made her Shades too long, salutes the morning light, whose happy Day shall crown his Joys, and give him all his Wishes.

And thou, fair Bride, more beauteous than the Day, the Day is come; hark how *Hymen* calls! Wake then, and rouse thee from thy downy Slumbers! O may thy Joys out-vie the Numbers of Arithmetick,  
and

and far exceed thy Minutes that are past, and  
to ensue. Arise and bid thy Maiden-head  
farewel. Put on thy Nuptial robes, and now  
appear in all thy Virgin gayety to Day. And  
may from hence thy Happiness take Date,  
and every Day that shall succeed, encrease it.

By this time *Phoebus* with redoubl'd Splen-  
dor, had half way mounted to the highest  
Story of th' Olympick Palace, thence to be-  
hold the long expected Day's Solemnity :  
When on a sudden, there was heard from  
every Quarter, the majestick Sound of many  
Trumpets, all in a Consort sounding one  
Point of War, transcending far the Skill of  
Mortal Blasts ; and, what did seem more  
strange, the shrill-mouth'd Musick did as  
suddenly alter to Dorick Strains, to sweet  
mellifluous Airs, and then to Lyrick Songs,  
and Voices like to those that charm'd *Ulysses* ;  
and whilst the amazed Ear stood ra-  
vish'd at these Changes, it might hear those  
Voices transform'd to Lutes, Sackbuts,  
Shalms, Flutes, and Cornets, each one sur-  
passing all the Skill of Man ; and all this Har-  
mony lasted until the Bridegroom came :  
But all were fill'd with Admiration at the  
wondrous Noise ; some thinking it was one  
thing, some another : Some fancied that the  
Thunder was set to a new Tune ; whilst o-  
thers that were wiser, conceiv'd it was the  
Musick of the Spheres ; all wonder'd, all  
Men



Men gaz'd, and all cou'd hear it, but none cou'd tell from whence the Musick came. Forthwith, as if a second Sun had rose, and strove with greater Brightness to eclipse the Glory of the first, the *Bridegroom* came, Fame ushering him along with Eagles Wings; whose twice five hundred Months, did at one Blast inspire a thousand Trumpets. His Nuptial Robe was of a Scarlet Dye, so deep that a weak Eye cou'd hardly view it: Which Art had also much improv'd by the ingenious Labours of the Needle; express'd in great Variety of curious Fancies; for there you might see a rising Sun imboss'd with purest Gold; from whence ten thousand Trails of Gold came down in waving Points, like Rays from *Phæbus* in his brightest Lustre.

Thus from his Chamber did the *Bridegroom* come, and pass through the amazed Multitude, until he was by Heralds brought into a stately Hall, where the *Arcadian* Nobles waited for him, to welcome his Approach, and to discharge his louder Volleys of their hearty Joys. The Hall was spacious, lightsome, and strew'd with all the fine variegated Tapestry of *Flora*, the Walls were richly clad with Arras Hangings, such as proud *Greece* had never seen before: In which (which was its Excellency) was wrought to the Life the Story of these Lovers; which like a silent Chronicle, display'd the several

Passages that had beset 'em, from their first Meeting to their Nuptial Day; devis'd and wrought by Virgins, born in *Greece*, presented by 'em to adorn this Triumph, devoted to the Memory and Fame of *Argalus* and *Parthenia*.

No sooner were the Ceremonies ended, which pass'd between the Bridegroom and the Arcadians, but on a sudden there was heard a Shout of rudely mingled Voices, throughout the spacious Castle, of which thought was distinctly heard but this, *Joy to Parthenia, to the fairest Bride*. And then as if Heaven's high Olympick Hall had been set open, and Goddesses had meant to inter-marry with the Sons of Men, or else came down to grace these happy Nuptials, a Glorious Show of Ladies, all array'd in rich and costly Robes, adorn'd with many Gems of an unvalued Price, enter'd the Hall in more than Princely State; all *Hand in Hand*, each one still looking backwards, as if the greater Sight was still behind. Next after them, came in the Virgin Crew, in Milk-white Robes; Virgins that had no Knowledge o' th' Sacred Mysteries of the Marriage Bed, nor were their *Maidenheads* a Burden to 'em; so far from that, that they had never lent one single Thought to Nuptial Joys till now. Thus past the Buds of Nature on by Pairs, whilst with a careless Art, their long disrevel'd Tresses dang'd down, while

ON

on each Head a Crown of Lawrel stood  
 Their beauteous Faces cover'd with a Vail  
 seem'd like the clouded Stars.

Have ye beheld in a cold Winter's Night  
 when all the lesser twinkling Lamps of Hea-  
 ven are fully kindled, how the ruddy Face  
 of rising *Cynthia* looks? With what a Ma-  
 jesty she views the Throne of Darkness, and  
 ascends th' Olympick Brow: So after all  
 these Sparks of Beauty, came the fair *Par-  
 thenia*; thus the lovely Bride enter'd the  
 Hall, hiding her blushing Face under the  
 Covert of a Milk-white Vail; which nev'r-  
 theless, cou'd not forbear disclosing some  
 Glimpse of Red, like a Lawn o'erspreading  
 Roses. The Garments that she wore, were  
 made of purple Silk, all o'er bespangled  
 with Stars of purest Gold; and round a-  
 bout each Star was interwove a Flower of  
 Orient Pearl, so rarely Wrought, that as her  
 Garments mov'd, you wou'd have thought  
 the Stars themselves had twinkled; her Dis-  
 shrevel'd Hair hung down behind, as if their  
 only Business had been to reconcile Neglect  
 and Art; for as they loosely hung, they  
 seem'd to veil the hindmost Part of her illu-  
 strious Robe; but yet each Breath wou'd wave  
 it to and fro, like flying Clouds, thro' which  
 you might discover sometimes the glimmer-  
 ing Stars. Thus on they went, her splendid  
 Train supported by thrice three Virgins of  
 one Sort and Size.

Forth

Forthwith the Bridegroom rises from his Chair and bowing, sacrifices to his Bride the peaceful Offering of a Morning kiss on her fair Lips; which done, each noble brave Arcadian came, and with a Posture full of Princely Grace, salutes the lovely Bride, with Words expressing the Satisfaction that they all receiv'd to see that happy Day.

But hark! The Hymenian Trumpet now sends its last Summons forth: *Hymen* attends the noble Pair, and is prepar'd to yoke their promis'd Hands, with Myrrh and Frankincense the Sacred Altars do already smoke; and all the Way is strow'd with *Flora's* Pride, whilst the expecting Crowd have throng'd the streets, and ev'ry greedy Eye attends to see this Triumph pass along.

At length the Gates flew open, and the Solemnity began first with a Proclamation to this Effect.

If any Person, either Lord or Knight, or of what other Degree soever, professing Arms or Honour in this Kingdom, that at this time can challenge or pretend a Title to Parthenia's Heart, or claim a Right or Interest in her Love or Name, let him come forth in Person, or appear by noble Proxy, if he be not present: And by the Honour of a noble Knight he shall receive that Right and Satisfaction which a just Sword can give. But let him now come forth and speak, or else for ever hold his Tongue.

This

This Proclamation was read three times in a solemn manner, and no one appearing the Trumpet of Honour's Eagle winged Herald, Fame, was also three times sounded with so strong a Blast, as almost shook the very Earth's Foundation.

Then follow'd next the noble Bridegroom *Argalus*; and on his right Hand waited the God of War in Martial Robes of Green, all stain'd with bleeding Hearts, as tho' they had but just been wounded, the Blood still seeming to trickle on the Ground; and as his Garments mov'd each dying Heart would seem to pain a while. Upon the Bridegroom's left Hand attended *Mercury*, Heaven's Pursuivant; whose brawny stretch'd out Arm discover'd a winged Caduce; he had scarce the Strength to curb his Feet, his Feet were wing'd for flight: Above his Head their Hands did joyntly hold a Crimson Canopy richly emboss'd with Gold: Next them there followed forty famous Nobles, brave Men at Arms, whose Names the Trump of Fame had sounded through the World for rare Exploits, and twice as many worthy Knights, whose Blood had ransom'd and redeem'd the Rights of wronged Ladies: These were all array'd in Robes of Needle-work so rarely wrought, that he who sees them, fancies he beholds Armour of Steel well filleted with Gold; each Knight before him, as he march-



ed along, having his Squire, bearing his Shield and Lance.

After all these, the Princely Virgin-bride on whom all Eyes were fasten'd, measur'd out her gentle Paces, being led between two Goddesses, array'd in verdant Robes; on which the curious Needle undertook to represent all sorts of various Figures to the Eye: Here there's a Forest, there a bubbling Brook divides two Thickets, thorow which does fly the single Deer before the deep-mouth'd Hounds that closely follow: There the affrighted Herd stand trembling at the Musick, and afraid of every Shadow, gazes to and fro, not knowing where to go, nor where to stay. And in a Landskip you may see the Fawns follow their flying Mothers. The others Robes were such as represented the Mid-day Sky full of black Clouds, through which the glorious Beams of the victorious Sun appears, and seems as 'twere to scatter and at length to shed his brighter Glory on a fruitful Plot of noisom Weeds, from whence you might perceive a thousand painful Bees with Chymick Skill extract their sweet Provisions, and with laden Thighs bare thence their waxen Burthens: On this wise, the Princely Bride was led between these two; The first of which was fair *Diana*, she that on *Aethon's* Brow reveng'd her naked Chastity: The other was *Minerva*, she to whom *Jove's* pregnant

F

Brain



The Renowned History of  
Brain was Mother, through *Vulcan's* help,  
and these did joyntly ho'd upon her Head  
a golden Coronet, whose Train *Diana's* Vir-  
gin-Crew, all crown'd with golden Wreaths,  
did from the Ground support.

Next after her, upon the Triumph, wait-  
ed an Order by *Diana* newly made, and styl'd,  
*The Order of the Maiden head*, in White, with  
Spots of Red wrought here and there : And  
every Spot appeared as a Stain of Lovers  
Blood, slain by their unkind Hearts ; rank'd  
three and three ; and on each Head a Crown  
of unblown Primroses, and blooming Roses.

Next, the chief Beauties of th' Arcadian  
Court march'd two and two ; whose Lustre  
was set forth by th' unlimited and studied  
Skill which those that vie for Glory cou'd  
impart to such Solemnities, where every-one  
srove to excel each other.

Thus came they to the Temple where  
there waited the sacred Priests, whose Voi-  
ces recommended the Day's Success to Hea-  
ven, and divided a Blessing 'twixt the Bride-  
groom and the Bride. Which being done,  
and low Obeysance made, the first (whilst  
all the rest kept Silence) thus pronounc'd  
their Welcome :

*Welcome to Juno's sacred Courts ; draw near,  
unspotted Lovers ; neither be afraid to touch the  
holy Ground : Pass on secure : Our Gates stand  
Open to such Guests as you : Our gracious Goddess  
grants*

grants you your Desires, and these holy Fires propitiouſly accepts, which we have offer'd in your Names; and takes a Pleaſure to ſmell the ſweet Perfumes of your aſcending Incenſe: So having ſaid, they bow'd low to the Ground, and having bleſt themſelves, they ſtraight-way ſingled from the Company the noble Bridegroom and his Princely Bride, ſaying Be thou our Guide, O gracious Goddeſs, as we are thine: And as thoſe Words were ended, their well-tun'd Voices ſweetly bore a Part with Muſick from the Altar; and as they paſt, they warbled out this Song.

**T**Hus in Pomp and Prieſtly Pride,  
 To Juno's Altar do we go;  
 To Juno's Altar thus we ſhow  
 The Bridegroom and his lovely Bride.  
 Let Juno her beſt Bleſſings ſend ye,  
 And with Blifs and Joy attend ye.  
 May this happy Pair ne'er want  
 True Joy, nor ever beg in vain;  
 But what they pray for, ſhall obtain,  
 What'e'er they wiſh may Juno grant.  
 Let Juno her beſt Bleſſings ſend ye,  
 And with Blifs and Joy attend ye.  
 From cold Indifference, and from Strife,  
 From fatal Jealouſies and Fears,  
 And all that may occaſion Tears,  
 Juno proteſt your Marriage-life.  
 Let Juno her beſt Bleſſings ſend ye,  
 And with Blifs and Joy attend ye.

*Thou to Hymen's happy happy Bands  
 We commend this lovely Pair,  
 That as their Hearts fast linked are,  
 He wou'd please to joyn their Hands:  
 Let 'em both choice Blessings send ye,  
 And with Blifs and Joy attend ye.*

No sooner was this Nuptial Carol done, but bowing to the Ground, they strait presented this Princely Pair before the Sacred Altar: Unto which they brought two Milk-white Turtles, and with Prayers address'd themselves to *Juno* that she wou'd vouchsafe to make their Pleasures endless. With that a horrid Crack of dreadful Thunder, surpriz'd each trembling Heart; the Rafter of the holy Temple shook, as if the dismal Book of *Archimago* (that curied Legion) had been newly read. The Ground a horrid trembling did possess and a deep and universal Silence fill'd all the spacious Temple, all was whist and still; when from the clouded Altar brake the sound of the heavenly Musick, such as was enough to overcome with Death or Ravishment the strongest Earth-bred Ear, had not the Goddess supported it to bear so strong a Rapture. And as the Musick ended, the Mist and Darkness did ascend from whence it came. The Altar did appear, and where the Turtles were, the *Athes* lay: Near which great *Hymen* stood not seen before.

His

His Purple Mantle was embroider'd over with Crowns of Thorns; amongst which you might see some here and there, but very few of Gold: Upon each little Space that did divide the several Crowns, was ty'd a Gordian Knot: And turning to the Priest, he thus begun.

*What mean these Fumes? Say, Priest, what great Request hath any mortal Man to make to us? What Suit does now attend us, that they thus salute our Nuptials with such accepted Incense? Tell us wherein do they implore the Favours of the pleas'd Gods? For by the eternal Throne and Majesty of Heaven, it sha l be granted.*

Whereto, with bended Knees, they thus reply'd, Great Hymen know, This noble Bridegroom, and this Princely Bride, whom we most humbly have present before great Juno's Altar, do intreat your Favour, That with your Nuptial Bands their promis'd Hands and Hearts might now be try'd. With that he straight descends the Holy Stairs, and with his widen'd Arms he thus divides an equal Blessing betwixt both.

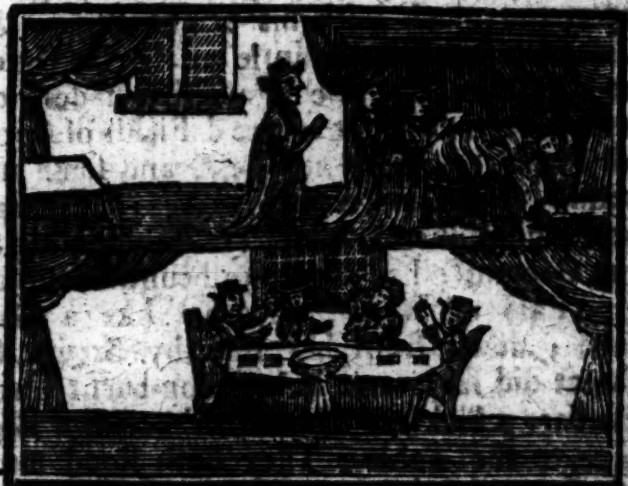
*H*aving call'd us to your Aid,  
Noble Youth and lovely Maid,  
Heaven hath granted your Desires,  
And accepts your pleasing Fires.  
Consecrating this blest Hour  
By our sacred mystick Power,

Unto Juno's Name, that she  
 Wou'd to you both propitious be.  
 And with this holy Oil you see  
 Your Temples shall anointed be,  
 And with sacr'd Nuptial Bands,  
 Thus we join your Hearts and Hands;  
 Be join'd for ever firm and true,  
 And none presume this Knot t'undo,  
 Till Death's cold Hand your Hearts shall sever.  
 Let your Hearts be join'd for ever:  
 Let direful Curses multiply  
 On those that shall this Knot untie.

So said, he blest them both in Juno's Name,  
 and in a Flame straight vanish'd from their  
 sight. On which they rose, and once more  
 with their Incense they made the Altars  
 smoke. And having prostituted thrice their  
 bending Bodies on the holy Ground, they  
 kiss'd the sacred Altar, and departed in the  
 same Order that they first came thither;  
 whilst now the louder Trumps of Fame  
 with a full Blast sends forth a shrill Retreat,  
 and reconducts them to the noble Hall,  
 whose richly furnish'd Table wou'd almost  
 invite a bedrid Stomach; and make the  
 wasteful Glutton, that devours his unearn'd  
 Diet with his daily Sweat, behold his Hea-  
 ven in a more ample Measure than he had  
 Hopes to purchase. Such were the stately  
 Vands of this Feast, that 'twou'd be no Hy-  
 perboly to term it Paradise, where all Va-  
 rieties

rieties did freely offer themselves, and nothing was forbid.

And now, as soon as he that was the Orderer of the Feast had plac'd each Guest



according to his Rank, and giv'n unto all their proper Seats, a soft and a divine harmonious Rapture on a sudden fill'd all Ears with wonder and delight. Forthwith with join'd hands, and Faces smiling, and habirs more unequal than their Paces, a jolly Pair drew near the Table, the one in green, whose pamper'd Body had out-grown his Seam-ript Garments, all embroider'd over with *spreading Vines*, whose fruitful Leaves cover'd their swelling Clusters; his out-strutting Eyes star'd in his Head; his Drop-sie-swell'd Thighs quagg'd as he went;



his pimple swell'd Nose was richly furnish'd with choice Carbuncles ; and round his Brows was curiously entwin'd full-laden Branches ravish'd from the Vine : The other was a Lady whom the Sun had gaz'd upon too much with his bright Rays ; the Colour of her silken Mantle was 'twixt Green and Yellow, like the Grass that fades ; on which were wrought enclos'd Fields of Corn, all reap'd, some in the Sheaf, and some unbound ; her Countenance well-favour'd was, and plump, her golden Tresses dangling to the Ground ; her Temples bound with full ripe Ears of Wheat, wreath'd like a Garland ; down from her swarthy Brows the Sweat did fall, and in her Sun-burnt Hand she bare a Sickle : Thus usher'd with a Bagpipe to the Table : They both stood mute at first, for jolly Bacchus was unable yet to challenge from his breathless Tongue a Word, till smiling Ceres thus begun her Song :

Ceres. *W*elcome fairest Virgin-Bride,  
 Thou'rt thrice welcome to our Feast :  
 'Tis what Ceres did provide  
 For so sweet, so fair a Guest.

Bacchus. 'Tis what Bacchus did provide  
 For so sweet, so fair a Guest ;  
 Welcome, fairest Virgin-Bride,  
 Thou'rt thrice welcome to our Feast.

Chor.

**Chor.** *Our united Bounties do  
Make Mars forsake his rugged Hew,  
And Venus smile upon us too.*

**Ceres.** *Noble Bridegroom, welcome hither,  
May unthought of Bliss attend ye;  
Welcome freely both together,  
To what Ceres Bounty sends ye;*

**Bacchus.** *Welcome freely both together,  
To what Bacchus Bounty sends ye;  
Noble Bridegroom, welcome hither,  
May unthought of Bliss attend ye.*

**Chor.** *Our united Bounties do  
Make Mars forsake his rugged Hew,  
And Venus smile upon us too.*

The Song thus ended, joyning Hand in Hand, both bow'd and vanish'd, none knew how; nor whither. To make a full Relation of each quaint Device that were to their unwearied Eyes presented, the Nature of their Mirth, what their Discourse was, the Dainties of the first and second Course: The secret Glances of the Bridegroom's Eye on his fair Bride, why and how oft she blush'd, wou'd be to do the Bridegroom a diskindness, who counts each Hour a Summer's Day till Night. Let it suffice, that what Delight and Glory, what State, or whatsoe'er cou'd please the Appetite, the Eye, the Ear, the Fancy; in a Word, what Joy so short a Season cou'd allow to well prepared Hearts, was here express'd

The Renowned History of  
at this illustrious and princely Nuptial.

The Board at last being voided, and the Sewer having resign'd his Office, the Linen gone, and all the Rites perform'd, that do belong to Festival Delights, the Light-foot *Hermes* enters into th' Hall, and holding forth his Caduce, does adjure them to a strict Silence; tells them, 'tis his Business to let them know the Gods design a Mask to grace these Nuptials: And with that he ipread his Air-dividing Pinions, and mounted to the Heaven's Olympick Hall.

*The Mask of the Gods.*

When Silence thus had charm'd each Ear with Wonder and Attention, a sweetly warbling Noise of winged Choristers was heard in every corner, chanting forth those *Philomelian* Airs which Nature taught 'em; so that the Hall seem'd metamorphos'd to a shady Grove, wherein by turns th' ambitious Choir strove to excel themselves. And whilst their Ears delightfully were feeding upon these Strains, the Goddess of the Night enters the Scene, dress'd in a Coal black Mantle, liv'd quite thro' with Sable Furs: Her Tresses were like Ebony, on which a pearly Dew hung, like a Spider's Web: Her Face was of a Complexion *swartby*, having underneath a Cloud of black curl'd *Cypress*; wearing on her Head a Crown of burnish'd Gold, beshaded o'er with Fogs, and dreiry Mists; her Hand bearing a Scepter, and

and a Sable Hemisphere. the sternly shook  
her dewy Locks, and with a melancholy  
Smile, thus utter'd what she had to say :

*Drive on, drive on, dull Waggoner, use thy  
neglected Whip, and slip thy looser Reins ; thy  
pamper'd Steeds are pursu'd, drive away, and  
let the Day into the lower World, who long to  
see it : Darkness befits us best, for these De-  
lights will relish far more sweetly in the Night.  
Approach, ye blessed Shades there, and befriend  
our nightly Sports ; approach, make no Delay :  
it is your Queen, your Sovereign Queen that  
calls you.*

With that a sudden Darkness fill'd the Hall ;  
the Light was banished, and all the Windows  
so nearly clos'd their Eye-lids, that Day cou'd  
not get in, nor Darkness out. Thus while  
the Death-resembling Shades of Night had  
drawn their misty Curtains betwixt the  
Light and every darkened Eye, which cou'd  
see nothing now but that which Darkness  
could not hide : The jealous God, fearing  
he knows not whom, enters the Hall, and  
with his Club foot groping in the Shades of  
Night, he mutter'd forth these Words.

*Vulcan's Speech.*

*Where has this wanton Harlot hid herself ? Is  
Light so odious to her ? Or is Home become so  
homely in her wandring Eyes, that she must still  
be rambling up and down, unknown to me ? Can  
nothing be concluded, nothing done, but Venus  
must*

must be intermeddling in it ? It's not enough, that Phœbus does approve her Lust, but must Night's Goddess be her Band ? Darkness be gone, thou Patroness of Lust : If fair Means will not rid thee, fouler shall : Away, my Power shall out-charm thy Charms ; within her Lover's Arms I'll find her panting. Enter you Lamplets of Territorial Fire, and see how well your golden Heads can counterfeit a Day ; and on the Night revenge the Wrongs of Phœbus.

This said, the darkned Hall was compass'd round with lighted Tapers, shewing every Object ; and every Eye was fill'd with Pleasure in the Object it beheld. As these diverting Changes gave to all a fresh Delight, came Morpheus in, but with a Pace so dreaming, that none cou'd say he mov'd, he mov'd so slowly, his folded Arms knit cross his Breast, a lazy Sluggard's Knot ; his nodding Chin hitting against his Bosom as he pass'd ; and oftentimes his Eyes were closed up. He wore a Crown of Poppy on his Head, and in his Hand he bare a leaden Mace : He yawn'd thrice, and after he had done Homage to Night's black Sovereign, he thus began.

#### The Speech of Morpheus.

Great Empress of the World, to whom I owe, by a perpetual Vow, my Self and Service : Before the Footstool of whose dreadful Throne, the haughty Princes of this lower World lay down their Crowns and Scepters ; whose victorious Hand in  
twice

twice twelve Hours does both command and conquer this Globe of Earth; Your Servant whose Dependance quickens his Power, to give Attendance comes; upon the earthly Shadows, and to seize, when you shall please to appoint, upon these wearied Mortals: Till then your humble Servant is at hand to put your just Command in Execution.

To whom the smiling Goddess thus reply'd:  
The Speech of the Goddess of the Night.

Morpheus, Our Pleasure is, to set apart this Night to Mirth and Time-beguiling Sports; which do require your welcome Absence; for whilst our Ears shall count the flying Hours, there is no room for you, because this Night our Mirth admits no Slumber.

The Words scarce ended, but the Paphian Queen descended from an unseen Seat above, leading her winged Son in her fair Hand, and like a full-mouth'd Trumpet thus began:

The Speech of Venus to Morpheus.

Disloyal Sycophant, and base-born Brother to the Bane of Mortals, the cursed Spawn of an accurs'd Mother, that with thy base Impostures rest a Man of half his Days, or half the Time that Nature lent his Life, and that dost with thy Wiles bug him to Death, and with thy Smiles betray'st him; What makes thou here, thus to usurp my Right, perfidious Caitiff! Know that Night's my Day. Go to the frozen North where Man's Desire is made of Ice, and yet is ne'er the warmer, tho' it melts before the Fire: Go visit  
Fools,



Fools, or flegmatick old Age, whose Spirits cool as quickly as their Breath : Go, what have we to do, dull Morpheus, with thy Mace, or thee as loaden as thy Mace : Thou'rt made for nought, but to still Children, or to ease the Thoughts of brain-sick Franticks, or to flatter poor slumbering Souls with Joy, which when awake, find nothing like it : Go succour those that fool away their Wits upon their dear bought Pennyworths of Ale ; or marrow'd Eunuchs whose adult Desire, to slack the Fury of their vain false Fires, want Means : O that I were a Basilisk, that I might dart my Venom at thee, or die in the Attempt ! Boy, bend thy Bow, and with thy forked Shaft drawn to the Head, discharge it at his Heart ; let fly Death's Arrow, or if thou hast none, there in Death's Name, make thine own Dart as fatal. For in the same Degree we both are wrong'd ; shoot then at once, revenge thy self and me.

With that the little angry God straight bended his steeled Bow, and in Death's Name did send his winged Messenger, whose faithful Speed dispatch'd his ireful Errand, and stuck fast within his pierced Liver, and in his wounded Side hid all his Feathers. Morpheus fell down as dead, and on the Ground lay for a while as in a swooning Fit, gasping for Breath ; and Lovers (they say) have evermore been wanton, since that time Venus was pleas'd ; the Goddess of the Night, in Anger, would resign her right of Government, and in a Spleen throw down  
her

her Hemisphere, her Crown and Scepter; and with a dusky Fog she did besmeat the Face of *Venus*, foil'd her golden Hair with her black Shades; and in foul Terms revil'd both her, her Cuckold Mate, and Bastard-boy: Whereat the God of War being much displeas'd, forsook both Seat and Patience, and descended, and to the World he profer'd with his Blood to justifie fair *Venus* and her Honour. To whom poor *Vulcan* (in a puffing Rage to hear his well known Fortune told so plainly) scrap'd many a Thank; and bending on his Knees, profess'd true Love to such true Friends as he. And ever since Experience does inform us, Cuckolds are kind to such as make 'em so.

By this, God *Morpheus* from his Swoon awaking, began to groan, and from his aching Wounds drew forth the buried Shaft; but *Mars* to make that good which he had said before) drew forth his furious Brand-Iron, and let fly a Blow at *Morpheus's* Head, which had almost clove him in twain, had not the Queen o'th' Night hurl'd hazy Mists before his darkned Eyes, so that the Sword by being falsely guided, struck *Vulcan's* Foot, which ever since was lame. At last the Gods came down, and thought it best to nip the Quarrel in the Bud: Who fearing Uproar, with a Friendly Cup of Nectar ended all the Feud: And for the Offence committed, did this Sentence in the

offended *Juno's* Name proclaim : *Morpheus* is banish'd for this Night from hence, and not t'approach before the Morning light. And from all Marriage-feasts, as an unfitting Guest, *Mars* is exil'd for ever. *Cupid* to rove and rove is doom'd, and both his Eyes put out. *Venus* unto perpetual Night is censur'd, and not (unless by *St.* alth to see the Light. But pleasing *Folly* all her Joys are judg'd, perform'd with Madnes, dogged with Melancholy.

And here the Musick their Paces did invite to measure time ; and by Exchange of Places to lead the curious Eyes of the Beholders as willing Captives to variety. Thus with the sweet Vicissitudes of Mirth they spent their time, as if all things had studied in such manner to please their Fancies. Art could do no more. And so away they vanish'd.

But *Ceres* now comes once more to invite her noble Guests to her repeated Bounties ; and frolick *Bacchus* also to refresh them, with a full Hand presents his swilling Bowls : Wine came unwith'd, like Water from a Spring, and Delicates were mingled with Discourse. What Art cou'd do to express a hearty Welcome, was liberally presented at that Feast.

Which was no sooner ended, but appears One deeply struck in Years, an old gray Pilgrim ; his Garments tatter'd, in his wrinkled Hand he held an Hour-glass almost

most quite run out; beneath his Arm there hung a leathern Knapfack; stufte full of Writings in an unknown Tongue, Chronologies, and Almanacks out-dated, and Patents that had long surviv'd their Wax: Unto his Shoulders Eagle's Wings were joyn'd: His Head ill thatch'd before; but behind bald; and leaning on his crooked Scythe, he made a little Pause, and after that spake thus:

*Mortals all, my Glas is run,  
And 'tis time, for Day is done:  
Shadows have chac'd hence the Light,  
My Glas is now turn'd up for Night.  
The Queen of Darknes bids me say,  
Mirth is far more fit for Day.  
These Joys that on the Day attend,  
Must with the Day receive an End.  
But think not that the sable Night  
Will be a Bar to Love's Delight.  
No, Darknes will to Love be kind,  
And Lovers new Delights will find:  
For when Darknes most benights ye,  
She bath Joys that shall delight ye.  
Aged Time will soon make known,  
Night bath Dainties of her own;  
Therefore all away, away;  
Too long you've lengthen'd out the Day.  
For this time adjourn your Feast,  
'Tis time the Bridegroom were at Rest:  
And if the Joys of Night don't please ye,  
Day will soon appear and ease ye.*

With

With that, a sweet Vermilion-Tincture stain'd the Bride's fair Cheeks; which still the more she strove to hide, the more her Blushes *did* appear: She blush'd, but knew not why, and like the Moon, upon her going down, appear'd most red.

But see! the smiling Ladies do begin to joyn their whispering Heads, as tho' there were a secret Plot of Treason, till at length they privately had stole away th' unwilling willing Bride. Their busie Hands unrob'd her soon, and then the timorous Virgin to her Bed, her Nuptial Bed convey'd.

By this the Nobles having recommend-ed their Tongues to Silence, ended their Discourse; and looking round, as thinking to have done their Service to the Bride, the Bride was gone. And now the Bridegroom, unto whom Delay seem'd worse than Death, cou'd be prevail'd upon to stay no longer; therefore attended by his noble Guests, enters the Bridal-chamber, and found the *interchangable Indentures of dearest Love*, by ready seal'd with mutual Pleasures, yet to both unknown.

His Garments grew too tedious, and their Weight (not able to be born) *did* overlade his heavy Shoulders, *Atlas* never stoop'd beneath a greater Burthen: No Help was wanting that might give him ease; for he receiv'd what sudden Aid he cou'd expect from speedy Hands, unless by too much haste

haste he happen'd to be hinder'd. Mean time  
a dainty curious warbling Breast; one not  
more stout than sweet, presents him with  
this Epithal'mion Song:

Brave Argalus march briskly on;  
The Field is easie to be won:  
There is no Danger in that War,  
Where mutual Lips the Weapons are.  
Here's no Cold to chill thee,  
A downy Bed's thy Field:  
No Weapons here to kill thee,  
Unless thou please to yield.  
Nothing's here that will encumber,  
Here will be no Stars to number.  
These be Wars of Cupid's making,  
Giving Joys, and Joys still taking,  
Till the early breaking Day,  
Bid your Force call away:  
These be Wars that make no Spoil,  
Here of Wounds, there's none complain,  
Tho' the Soldier gets a Foil,  
Yet he'll rouse and fight again.  
These be Wars that never cease,  
But still end in mutual Peace:  
Let happy and propitious Stars  
Still succeed these pleasant Wars:  
And when three times three Months are run,  
Be Father of a hopeful Son:  
That may from thee all Good derive,  
And unto Ages hence survive:  
Making the Splendour of his Fame,  
Perpetuate Argalus's Name,

Rai.



*Raising to thee a Pyramid of Glory,* [Story] not

*When Fame shall want a Trump to sound thy* but

Have you beheld in a fair Summer's Evening, Thi  
Heav'n's golden-headed Charioteer, with what der  
a Speed his prouder Reins push on his pant- fair  
ing Horses to their Journey's End? How ful  
red he looks, with what a swift Career he cha  
to the lower Hemisphere does hurry them, use  
and in a Moment shoots his golden Head up- rid  
on the Sea-green Bed of blushing *Tbetis*: E- for  
ven so the Bridegroom (whose Desire had Mo  
Wings more swift than Time) switch'd en- bal  
with Pleasure, sprung into his Nuptial bed: ton  
And look how fast the stooping Falcon clips, Mo  
and with what Speed her Talons seize upon wh  
the timorous Prey: Even so (impatient of do  
Delay) his Arms, his circling Arms embrac'd  
his blushing Bride; while by his Side (poor or  
Soul) she trembling lay. bel

The Bridegroom now grows weary of his  
Guests; what Mirth of late was pleasing,  
troubles now his tired Patience: Too much  
Sweet offends: In *Cupid's* School it is a well-  
known Maxim, *To be sometimes forsaken of our*  
*Friends, is the best Fruits of Friendship.* And thus  
at last, the Curtains being clos'd, they left  
the Bride and Bridegroom incircled in each  
others Arms, to take their best Repose.

And here 'tis fit I draw the Curtain too,  
for 'tis unfit for any one to see what Lovers  
do in private: And therefore Reader, let  
not

not now thy Thoughts grow too luxuriant,  
 but cast a Veil upon thy Understanding;  
 Think not on what thou think'st; nor under-  
 stand that which thy Thoughts would  
 fain inculcate to thee. Sow not thy fruit-  
 ful Heart with Seeds so poor: Or if per-  
 chance (unseen) like Weeds they spring,  
 use them like Weeds thou can'st not well get  
 rid of, flight 'em, and have no Countenance  
 for 'em. And take one Caution more, When  
 Morning Light shall bring into thy Sight the  
 bashful Bride, be not too cruel, nor with wan-  
 ton Eyes disturb and wrong her conscious  
 Modesty: And if she blush, examine not for  
 what; nay, if thou seest it, do not seem to  
 do so.

And shall our Story be here discontinu'd,  
 or want a Period till another Year? Shall we  
 befriend those Lovers for a Night, and in their  
 new Delights thus leave them buried? No.  
 It shall ne'er be said, That in the Marriage-  
 Bed their Joys shall end. Fond and adulte-  
 rate surely is that Love, which does upon such  
 fleet and unstable Grounds, found all its Hap-  
 piness: That like a sudden Blaze, can never  
 last, but as the Pleasure waxes cold, decays.

Now Argalus awakes, and now the Light's  
 as welcome to him as the Night has been.  
 His Eyes upon his lovely Bride are fix'd;  
 whilst she lies slumbering by his Side. She  
 sleeps, he views her; thrice his Mind was  
 bent

bent to call *Parthenia*, and did thrice repent it : Sometimes his Lips wou'd greet with a stolen Kiss her guiltless Lips : For stolen Goods are sweet, the Proverb says. At length she wakes, and then in his warm Bosom she hides her blushing Cheeks ; and there she finds a Sanctuary ; whereunto should fly the Guilt of her protected Modesty.

---

*The End of the Third Book.*

---

**THE**

# THE HISTORY OF

## *Argalus and Parthenia.*

### The Fourth Book.

#### CHAP. I.

*Argalus and Parthenia leave the Castle of Kalander, and go to their own Home at the Palace of Delight, intreating Kalander's Company, along with them, which he grants; the Palace of Delight described. Kalander returns to his own House. The sweet Content that Argalus and Parthenia enjoy'd together.*

WHEN thrice three Suns had almost now worn out all the rare Solemnities that did adorn these princely Nuptials, and the Trump of Fame was now grown hoarse in the Arcadian Court; the Bridegroom, whose Endeavours always aim'd to practice what might please his fairest Bride, resolv'd to leave *Kalander's* House, and make *Parthenia* sole Commandress of her own. Long was it e'er *Kalander's* liberal Ear cou'd be unlock'd; it had no Power to hear the Word Farewell. Still *Argalus* intreated, and framed Reasons; which still *Kalander* was unwilling to agree, and hearken to. But as stout *Alcides* did cut off one rising Head, another would appear, just so, whilst his ingenuous Love did answer his Arguments for go-

going home, he still found out another: *Kalander* thus at last being overcome with Words, which Importunity had taught inexorable *Argalus*, was forc'd to yield what he so long gainsaid.

'Tis now concluded *Argalus* must go; but yet *Kalander* must not leave them thus: There is no parting till her aged Uncle has warm'd his Fingers by *Parthenia's* Fire. *Parthenia* sues, nor shall *Kalander* rest till he has promis'd to be *Parthenia's* Guest.

To Morrow, next, when *Titan's* early Ray had of a fairer Day an Earnest given, and with his trembling Beams had newly rouz'd their poor Eyes from Rest, they left *Kalander's* Castle, and that Night they at the *Palace of Delight* arriv'd, (for so that noble Place was call'd) where *Argalus* and his *Parthenia* dwelt: It was a good Seat indeed; and



tho' 'twas large enough to entertain a potent Prince with all his Retinue; yet wast not so capacious as 'twas neat: It seem'd a Center to a Park well-stor'd with Deer, whose well thriven Bounty did af-

afford both profit and delight : Nay, there was nothing that the Earth calls good, this Seat afforded not : The Impatient Faulk'ner here may learn to lay forgotten prayers, and every Day may bless him. The patient Angler here, a'tho' he swear, there are such plenty, he must yet catch Fish. The sneaking Fowler may go boldly on, until his Powder's done, and ne'er want Sport. And to conclude, there's none cou'd stint or measure the young Man's pleasure, or the old Man's profit.

Thither this Night is gone the Nuptial Troop ; and now *Parthenia* is welcome to her own. But would you hear what Entertainment there was given to *Kalander* and the rest ? 'Tis easier to conceive than to express it. And my poor Quill wou'd waste the unthriving Stock of my bespoken Time, if I should go about it. But that which most did season and embellish, and gave it the truest Relish to their pleasures, was to behold with what a sweet conjugal Harmony all things were carried between our *Argalus* and *Parthenia* ? Every Word they spake still added some new Acquisition to their Love : So One they were, that none could tell which of 'em rul'd, or whether did obey ; and yet so evenly were all things pois'd, that she in this obeying, ruled as well as he. That which pleased him, would always please her, too, because she knew that he was pleased with it. A happy Pair indeed, whose double Life was such, it made a single Life appear as nothing.

Almost a Month was pass'd since they were bless'd at their own House with old *Kalander's* Company, but now his own Domestical Occasions required his presence at his Home again ; which he, to please them, had dispens'd withal too long already : Therefore they now, tho' equally with heavy Hearts, takes Leave, and back again to his own House departed. But noble *Argalus*, who



never yet was more himself, nor more *Parthenia's* neither, than when they were alone together, was so well pleas'd with being with *Parthenia*, as she with *Argalus*, that they had nothing more or desire or hope for: For if they were together, there need-ed not the Help of any other to increase the Joys of their retir'd Content. Sometimes the curious Garden would invite their gentle Paces to survey its Walks: Sometimes the well-stor'd park wou'd change their pleasure, and with their Light-footed Inhabitants wou'd entertain them: Where the un-molested Herd seem'd to stand at fair *Parthenia's* Hand to crave a Death. Sometimes her Steps would climb the ambitious Tower, and there discover from its aspiring Top, a little Commonwealth of Land, which none durst challenge for his own but *Argalus*. Sometimes for Change of pleasure, he would read selected Stories, whilst her Ears would feed upon his Lips, and now and then (like a paren-thesis) a Kiss wou'd interpose, inclos'd between their semi-circled Arms. O what dull Spirit cou'd be in-dispos'd to read such Lines! And whilst upon the Book his Eyes were fix'd, she'd cast her pleas'd Eyes upon the dearer Reader, in whose Eye she cou'd discern a far more pleasing Story.

## C H A P. II.

*Argalus receives a Letter from King Basilus, com-manding him to repair forthwith to the Arcadian Court; who accordingly prepares himself for his Journey. Parthenia's extraordinary Trouble and Grief at his Departure.*

**U**pon a Day as *Argalus* and his *Parthenia* (who in each others Company had plac'd the full Completion of their Happiness) were sitting both together all alone, he entertained her with the di-verting Story of the renowned Act, and fam'd Ad-venture

ventures of the once Great *Alcides*; where suddenly there enter'd a Messenger, whose Countenance bewray'd a Haste too serious to admit delay; who lowly bowing unto *Argalus*, presents him with a Letter, which had brought its sealed Errand from th' Arcadian King; whereat *Parthenia* rose, and stept aside: And as she look'd upon the Messenger, she found a secret Trouble in her Breast, but knew no Reason why: Her Colour came and went; she fear'd, and yet she knew not what to fear. Her jealous Heart knew not how to fear an Evil, because she fear'd to know. And as he read these Lines, her Eye was fix'd upon his Eye, which seem'd to her to strive between a thousand thwarting Passions: Once he cast his Eyes on hers, and finding hers so stedfastly fix'd upon his, he blush'd, and she blush'd with him. The Letter being read (and having kiss'd *Basilus's* Name) he speedily dispatch'd the Messenger, with promise to obey without delay, *Basilus's* just Commands. That done, he took *Parthenia* by the Hand, (who trembled e'er she understood the News) and to her greedy Eye he straight presents *Basilus's* Letter. *Parthenia* with a fearful Slowness took it; and turning pale as Death, she read these Lines:

*Basilus Rex,*

*Whereas the famous and victorious Name of great Amphialus, is lately grown so formidable, that the loud Trump of Fame breathes nothing but his Conquests and Renown; whose lawless Actions Fortune seems to smile on and crown, in spite of Justice with the Merit of a Victor, respecting more the Greatness of his Spirit, than the Justice of his Cause, to the Dishonour of true Vertue, and of all her Votaries. And furthermore, whereas his Power is bent against the Welfare of our Crown and State, with strong Rebellion to the high Advancement of*

his disloyal Glory, and the insinuating his perfidious Name, the great increase of Faction, and the Disturbance of our high Tranquility. And whereas likewise his prevailing Hand, which hitherto has been too hard for all our Opposition, and has not yet been equall'd, much less overcome, but with loud Triumph daily bears away the Spoils of our just Honour, to the Fame of his rebellious Glory. We therefore in our princely Care well weighing and examining the premises, and much relying on your well-known Courage, have selected you to stand our Champion Royal, to restore our wasted Honour with your Sword and Lance, in equal Duel. Thus you shall raise the glorious Pitch of your renown'd Name, with the brave purchase of eternal Glory. Our dying Honour too you shall revive, and live the all-conquering Champion of the Age: Your Acts shall ever be display'd Abroad, whilst Fame shall have a Trump to sound them forth. And lastly, hereby you shall see Basilus to be your constant and perpetual Friend.

To our right Trustly and  
Noble Kinsman, *Argalus*.

But as *Parthenia* read, her Tears did trickle down upon the Lines, as if they meant thereby to wash away that most unwelcome Message; at length she to her Husband thus express'd her Grief:

Ah me! my *Argalus*, was't this you made such Haste to answer? Did that Answer need to be so hastily return'd back? Can you, O can you be so quickly won, to leave your poor *Parthenia's* Company?

To whom resolv'd *Argalus*, (whose Eye was fixt upon his Honour) made this Answer: My dear *Parthenia*, were it to obtain the unsumm'd Wealth of *Pluto*, or to get the Sovereignty o'er Earth, without Expence of Blood or Sweat, or the least View of Danger, my Ambition wou'd scorn the

case

easy Conquest of so great a Prize ; if purchas'd by thy Discontent, or by the poorest Tear that from thine Eyes can trickle. But to recal my Promise, or forsake that Resolution Honour call'd me to, and bid me make, in this behalf, or to betray that Trust repos'd in me, the Gods would be unjust, and not themselves, if they should but command me such a thing, or urge me with an overswaying Hand. Then let no false Suggestion, my dear *Parthenia*, abuse thy passion, or once presume to question my dearest Love, tho' Honour bids us part : For of my Heart there's nothing that can rob thee. Honour that calls me with her loud Alarms, will to thy Arms with Triumph bring me back.

This having said, the sad *Parthenia* forbore to make Reply. Griefs that are small, can speak, when great ones find no Vent. But tender-hearted *Argalus*, to whom her Silence did too loudly speak, forsook the Room, and with a Breast as full of pensive Care as Honour, gave Directions to get his warlike Steed, and all the rest of his Habilliments of War made ready.

And here, O thou, thou great supream Protectress of valiant Spirits, and Director of lofty Quills, which shall convey to After-times what glorious Souls achieve, and makes the Actions of Heroick Spirits perpetuate their Merits and their Names ; illustrious *Clio*, aid me, and inspire my Pen to write with equal Ardour unto that which *Argalus* put forth when he engag'd with his victorious Foe. Help me to raise my Style, and to attain a pitch that may the vulgar Strain transcend. Reach me a Quill pluck'd from the Wing of the high-flying Eagle, and let my Ink be of a Crimson Dye, that I may paint out Death in Lively Colours ; let him that reads, explain each Dash to be a Sword, and every Word a Wound. By this our our Royal Champion had put on his Martial Weeds, and going to take his Leave

of poor *Parthenia*, whose cold Fit, like an Ague's being past, now burns as in a Fever: She leaves the lonely Room, and coming forth, she finds her *Argalus* inclos'd about with glittering Walls of Steel; apparel'd round in his bright Arms (whom she had rather found lock'd up in in hers) and wanting nothing no, but what her Lips cou'd hardly grant without a Sea of Tears, her last Farewel: She to him ran, and weeping fell upon her Knees; she clasp'd him by the Arm, and looking up, thus to lament began:

My *Argalus*, my Dear, my *Argalus*! And wilt thou go, and leave *Parthenia* here? Wilt thou forsake me then? And can these Tears not intercede betwixt thy deafned Ears and my sad Suit? Can'st thou, O can'st thou go, and leave thy poor distress'd *Parthenia* thus? *Parthenia* sues, *Parthenia* does implore, *Parthenia* that was ne'er before importunate. Remember, O remember that you are under the Influence of a sacred Vow: Honour must stoop to Vows, for Vows being broke, you cannot do an honourable Act. I have a Right unto you, you are mine, and I will ne'er resign my Interest till Death close thy Eyes, I'll never run the Risque of losing all my Happiness at one poor Throw: No, no, I will not, I will hold thee fast, in spite of Honour, and her Nine Days Wonder: Your former Acts sufficient Proof have given; your Valour is already known enough without a further Trial: Then 'twas a Time to venture your dear Life, when you had no Life to venture but your own. Excuse me then, that only do endeavour to hold my own; which I must never do, unless I do it now. Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake no Danger, but *Parthenia* must share in it. Shall your *Parthenia* be endanger'd then? I shall be present when Strokes fall the thickest, and feel the smart of every Blow that falls upon my *Argalus*. 'Tis I that in your greatest pain shall suffer; Your Blood shall trickle from *Parthenia's*



*nia's Heart.* Can prayers obtain no place? By this dear Hand, the sacred pledge of our Conjugal Vow; by Love's most tender and endearing pleasures; by Heaven, and the Immortal powers above; or if these Motives no Impression make, yet by the tender Fruit that in my Womb begins to bud; or if ought else there is, that's unto thee more precious, or more dear, by that forsake me not; but grant me this first Request, and which, for ought you know, may be the last that ever I shall ask thee.

To whom the broken-hearted *Argalus*, wearied, but not overcome, made this Reply;

My dear *Parthenia*, Thy Desires have never gain-said my Will till now; then do not now still persevere to crave what I can't grant. Forbear to urge me, for my Resolution so firmly's fix'd, that I can never alter it. Weep not, my Joy, let not these Drops of thine, that trickle from an Eye so fair, forebode a foul Success. Cheer up, a Smile or two before I go, wou'd make me half a Conqueror. Shine forth, and let no envious Cloud benight the glorious Lustre of a Light so fair: Doubt not my Life, the Justness of my Cause that brings me on, will bring me off with Honour. Fear not that such a Blessing, such a Wife, was e'er intended for a Life so short. Expect my safe Return in a short time: My Genius tells me I shall be Victorious.

## C H A P. III.

*Argalus goes to the Camp; persuades Amphialus to a peaceable Agreement; which he refusing, Argalus sends him a Challenge; Amphialus accepts it; and after an obstinate and bloody Fight, Parthenia too late interposes between 'em.*

SO said, as if her passion had forgot her Mother-Tongue, *Parthenia* spake no more; but like one struck with a Thunder-bolt, she stood betwixt



Amazement, Fear, and Wonder. His Lips took Leave, and as his Arms surrounded her feeble Wastle, she fell into a Swoon. But *Argalus*, whose Honour lay at Stake, no longer cou'd abide this tender Conflict, but trusts her to the Guard of her own Women, and went into the Camp with winged Haste. When having spent some Days in parley with *Amphialus*, and try'd to make him yield to just Demands, by all perswasive Means, and not to stain the Fields with needless Blood; but finding him unapt for peaceful Counsel, being too much elated with his late-got Fame, and scorning to attend to any Terms but what shou'd be decided by the Sword, he ceas'd to advise him any further, and resolv'd to treat him in a rougher Dialect, and thereupon sent him the following Challenge:

Renowned *Amphialus*,

**I**f strong perswasions, urg'd with Force of Reason, might have been honour'd with your Ear, your Wisdom wou'd, in yielding to so fair a Peace, have merited as ample Glory, as you Sword hath done; you shou'd have conquer'd Souls, where now, at most, you can subdue but Bodies, and such perhaps, as are incapable to make Resistance. But since all my Endeavours have prov'd fruitless, receive a mortal Challenge from a Hand whose Justice takes a Glory to oppose so foul a Cause; so hoping to correct your heedless Errors, whilst it honours you. For Satisfaction some how must be had for all the Wrongs that have by you been done. Prepare your self then, Sir, for the Encounter; nor think not slightly of so weak an Arm, remembering that 'tis Justice strikes the Blow.

*Argalus.*

No sooner had *Amphialus* receiv'd and read this Challenge, but with noble Speed, his nimble Pen return'd the following Lines:

Much

Much more Renowned *Argalus*,  
 Your faithful Servant, whose victorious Brow was  
 never daunted yet, by your brave Courtesie and  
 real Worth's already overcome, yet doubting not the  
 Justice of the Cause (that by the sacred Laws of  
 dearest Love is overrul'd) will give my Sword the  
 Freedom to maintain it to the latest Hour. I shall  
 expect your coming in the Isle, where, with a Heart  
 free from all Gail and Malice, your Servant, with  
 his dearest Blood, is ready to make good his just De-  
 signs: Being assur'd that if Success attend me, my  
 Victory will yield me treble Honour. If not, there's  
 no Disgrace that can accrue to me, by being over-  
 come by you. *Amphialus.*

Soon after *Argalus* (whose Blood boil'd till he  
 was in Action) came into the Isle, all in white Ar-  
 mour clad, gilt, and drest somewhat strangely with  
 Knots of Woman's Hair, which from his Crest  
 hung dangling down, and with her bounteous Treas-  
 ure did in a liberal measure over-spread his Corset.  
 His curious Furniture was made in Fashion like a  
 Flying-Eagle, round about beset with Plumes, whose  
 crooked Beak being cast into a costly Jewel, was  
 well fasten'd to the Saddle-bow: Her spreading  
 Train did cover the Crupper, whilst the Trapping  
 did seem to hover like Wings: so curiously con-  
 triv'd, that to the fix'd Eyes of the Beholders, as the  
 Horse pranc'd, the Eagles seem'd to fly. Upon his  
 Arm, his threatening Arm, he wore a Sleeve all curi-  
 ously embroider'd over with bleeding Hearts, which  
 fair *Parthenia* wrought in those cross Times when  
 Fortune so betray'd their secret Love, and with a  
 frowning Smile dash'd their false Hopes as Copies of  
 their own. Upon his Shield (for his Device) he saw two  
 neighbouring Palms, whose budding Branches met  
 and twin'd together: The obscure Impress thereupon  
 imported, *Thus flourishing like these.* His Horse was

of a fiery Sorrel; his Main, his Feet, were all of black, and down his Back there went a Coal-black List; his Nostrils open wide, breath'd War, before he cou'd discern an Enemy; and up by turns he lift his stately Hoofs, as if he scorn'd to touch the Earth; or it's Feet had found out a new Art of Going, and yet not change the Ground.

By this *Amphialus*, who all this time thought Minutes Years, within the Isle was landed; in all Respects provided to treat *Argalus*, with all the Entertainment that his Sword and Lance cou'd give him. And at the Trumpet's Sound, the Steeds, that needed not a Spur to prick 'em forward, both start, and with smooth running, their Staves declining with unshaken Skill, perform'd their Master's Will with angry speed; but *Argalus* his well-instructed Horse, being hot, and full of Courage, fiercely led by his own Pride, press'd in his prouder Head; which when the stout *Amphialus* perceiv'd, well-knowing it unsafe to give his Side, press'd likewise in; so that both Horse and Men shouldring each other with a double Force, fell to the Ground; but by their Martial Skill and help of Fortune's hand, that always succours the brave Spirits, shunn'd the danger of the Fall, and had, speak the Truth, no manner of hurt; and therefore straightway rose, and drew their Swords, and now began to do that which their Lances left undone. Have ye beheld a Leaguer, in what manner the deep-mouth'd Cannon play upon the Fort, and how piece-meal it soon hatters down the yielding Walls of the besieg'd Fortress: Even so their Swords, (whose oft-repeated Blows cou'd find no Respite) with redoubled strength so hew'd their proofless Armours, that at last their failing Trust began to prove unsound, and piece by piece they dropt upon the Earth; trusting their Bodies to the bare defence of their unarm'd Innocence and Vertue. Such deadly Blows by each of them were

were given, that *Mars* himself stood ravish'd and affrighted to see the cruel Combat ; every Blow acted two parts, and did both strike and guard at the same Instant. And incomparable their skillful Quickness was, that none cou'd tell who 'twas that made the Blow, or who defended. Long was it e'er their equal Force and Skill in Feats of Arms cou'd either shew a better, or a worse. Neither prevail'd as yet, yet both excell'd in not prevailing : Never was there seen more equal Odds ; no Wound cou'd shew as yet a Drop of wasted Blood, yet every Blow was full of Death : When skillful Gamesters play, the Gains go chiefly to the Christmas box.

At length the Sword of *Argalus*, that never thirsted so long in vain, till now, nor for so long a Space made Victory doubtful, fasten'd a Wound on the disarm'd Face of the renowned *Amphialus*, wherein had not his trusty Shield become a faithful Sharer, his unequal Foe had, no doubt, in that Blow summ'd up his Victory. With that the stout *Amphialus*, whose Wound added new Quickness to his sprightly Arms, up-heav'd his thirsty Brandiron, and let fly a downright Blow as he intended it, but by a Falsific revers'd the Stroke, and left a gaping Wound in his Right Arm : But *Argalus*, that found a Loss of Blood, play'd not so open, but lay more closely for his Advantage on a lower Guard, expecting by that means, a hop'd Revenge, which was not long effecting : For whilst *Amphialus* (whose Heart inflam'd with hopes of Conquest his Tyrannick Thoughts, and to himself promis'd undoubted Victory) heap'd on his strokes so fast, as if each Blow the last had scorn'd ; the watchful *Argalus*, whose nimble Eye disposed his Time only in self-defence, in hopes of an Advantage, put home a Thrust (his Right Foot coming in) and pierc'd his Navel, that the Wound had certainly been nothing less than Death, (if his good Fortune (that often

turns a Mischief to Advantage) had but forborn to shew a Miracle: For with that Blow *Amphialus* last made, his Arm had so o'er-struck itself, that with it, he fell sideward to the Ground, and so receiv'd that Wound as he was falling; which had he stood, had enter'd in his Bowels; but falling, only graz'd upon his Flank: Being down, brave *Argalus* his threatening Sword bids yield: *Amphialus* not answering (as one whose mighty Spirit did disdain a Life that must be begg'd) and therefore striving the best he could, that he might once again regain his Life and Honour, *Argalus* let drive with all the Might a wounded Arm wou'd let him, upon his Head; but his disabled Arm, too feeble grown to answer his Desires, let fall his Weapon, by which means, *Amphialus* (though doz'd withal) got up, but *Argalus* ran in, and grappled with him; so that being clos'd together, they both were clasped and griped each in th' unfriendly Arms of either; and grappling thus a while, they both together fell upon the Ground, and there they both with equal Fortune strove: Sometime *Amphialus* was upmost, and sometime *Argalus* was got above him. Both jointly vow'd Revēge, both Wallow'd in their intermingled Blood, and both fresh bleeding still: Now *Argalus* bids yield, and now *Amphialus*; both would be Victors, and yet neither yield. At last, by free Consent, they both arose, and went unto their Swords; and now the Combat is again renew'd, both laying on, as if they had but new begun the Fight, New Wounds aswage the smarting of the old; and with the cold, their warm Blood now was mingled. But *Argalus*, whose Wounded Arm had lost more Blood than all his Body could supply, yet like a Spendthrift, that wou'd still go on, as long as either Stock or Friends wou'd last, bled more than his spent Fountains cou'd make good, for tho' his vital Spirits gave



gave him Courage, yet they no longer could with Blood supply him.

Thus when two wealthy Clients go Law, their learned Counsel can on either side uphold the Cause alike, and each the Matter colour over so, that they shall both still think themselves i<sup>th</sup> right, whilst they still find the Golden Tide to flow that oils their Tongues, that 'twill be hard to say which side shall get the best; or who shall prosper most: But he whose Gold shall first be at an Ebb, and his first silver Current cease to flow, will find his Cause, tho' never so just and right, will quickly strike upon the Bar, and sink, and can no longer stem the adverse Tide: And then the Counsel soon resolve the Doubt, the knotty Question's ended vwith the Gold.

Just so it vvas vwith our two Combatants, for vvhilst their Loss of Blood seem'd to be equal, equally good their Cause appear'd to be, equal their Harms, equal their Hopes, their Victory equal too: But when poor *Argalus* his wasting Blood ebb'd in his Veins, altho' it had before in the ungrateful Field made a wide Flood, his Cause, his Strength, but not his Heart, must yield. Thus Wounded *Argalus*, the more he fail'd, the more prevail'd the proud *Ambiasus*. With that, *Ambiasus* (whose chiefest End was but to purchase Honour, and not Life) seeing the Advantage that he had obtain'd, and being pleas'd with *Argalus* his Valour, became his Suitor that himself would please himself to pity, and thereby put an End to the Combat; which noble *Argalus*, that never us'd in Honour to part *Stakes*, refus'd with Thanks (like some unlucky Gamesters, who, the more they lose, are still less willing to leave off) and filling up his empty Veins with Rage, begins to sum his Forces, and unite his broken strength; and (like a Lamp that makes the greatest Blaze at going out) he takes his Sword in both his Hands, and at one Blow did almost



almost cleave in two both Armour, Shield, and Arm. At which enrag'd *Amphialus* forgets all Pity, seeing *Argalus*, how weak soever, still refus'd to yield, or to accept the Offer he had made him. And therefore summoning up all his Courage, he plies poor *Argalus* with Blows so furious and so fast, upon his mangled Body, that each Wound seem'd like an open place of Blood that found no Hand to stop it.

## C H A P. IV.

*Parthenia in the Conclusion of Argalus his Duel with Amphialus, comes to the Place of Combat, and endeavours to save Argalus, whom Loss of Blood had render'd unable to defend himself any longer. But it was now too late; for after some Discourse between him and Parthenia, he dies.*

**J**UST in this Interim, the doleful Cry of a most beauteous Lady, who had almost run her self to Death restrain'd (but ah ! too late) *Amphialus* his Arm, from doing any further Harm to *Argalus*: This Lady was the fair *Parthenia*, who the Night before had dream'd she saw her Husband in that sad Condition wherein she found him; and her Fear and Love gave her no Rest, till they had brought her thither. And seeing *Argalus* in that Condition, the Nature of her Fear did soon expel the Fear of Nature; so that stepping in, between their pointing Swords, she prostrate lay before their Blood-bedabbled Feet, and said she knew not what; for as her Lips would strive to speak, she cou'd do nothing else but fetch a Sigh; and Sighs wou'd drive forth the abortive Issue of her Language, which being so untimely born, wou'd perish in the Birth. And if her Sighs wou'd give her Leave at any Time to utter it, yet then her trickling Tears wou'd trait prevent it. But when the

the Wind of her loud Sighs had laid the Shower of her Tears, she thus began to give her Sorrow vent: *What do my Eyes behold! O wretched View! O Day of Darkness, and Eternal Night! And there she stopt: Then fixing of her Eyes upon Amphialus, she thus went on:*

*My Lord,*

'Tis said you Love; Then by that sacred Power of Love, and as you in the Hour of greatest Misery wou'd Mercy find, leave off, and sheath your bloody Sword: Or if nought else but Death can slake your Anger, O let that of mine be a sufficient Offering and Atonement of your appeased Thoughts; or if for Argalus his Blood you thirst, then first take mine. Or if it is for Noble Blood you seek, accept of mine, for mine is noble too, and worth the spilling: For her dear sake your tender Soul affects, awake your noble Mercy: Grant one of my Requests, I care not which; let me die first, or kill us both together.

Amphialus was going to reply; but Argalus, whose Heart was almost broke to hear Parthenia's Words, did thus prevent him:

Parthenia, ah Parthenia! then must I for Tears be bought and sold? Is my Condition so very poor, that I must by Petition obtain my Life? So said, he steps aside, as fearing lest, perhaps, the Fury of some chance-misguided Blow might touch Parthenia; and with high Disdain he wou'd once more afresh begun the Combat. But now Amphialus was charm'd, his Hand had no sufficient Warrant to deny Parthenia's Suit, from whose fair Eyes there came, in so belov'd a Name, such precious Tears. His Eyes grew tender, and his Heart did melt, and was overcome, his very Soul did smart, so that he stirr'd not, but at a Distance kept, and putting by some Blows, made no Resistance.

Poor *Argalus* grows faint, and must give o'er the now unequal Combat; his Legs no longer can support him, for thinking down to sit, and ease himself, he fell into a Swoon.

With that *Parthenia* and *Amphialus*, with haste run to him, and *Amphialus* quickly unloos'd his Helmet, whilst her Hand chaf'd his cold Temples, and distilling Balm into his Wounds, her hasty Fingers tore her Linnen Sleeves and Partlet she had on, to wipe away the Blood her Tears were mix'd with. Thus half-distracted with her Fears and Grief, these Words she intermingled with her Tears:

Distress'd *Parthenia*! In what a sad Condition hath Fortune and the direful hand of Fate throw'n thy perplex'd Soul! Alas! alas! how suddenly art thou fell from the Top of all those Joys, and of all that Felicity this World cou'd give thee, and on a sudden made the great Example of all Misery, thy present Torments being worse than Death. How less than nothing art thou, and more than miserable! And ah! the suddenness of this dire Change, renders my Misery still more miserable! Ah! sure thou art not the same *Parthenia* now, that thought'st thy self e're while so much before all Ladies of the Earth for Happiness! O no, *Parthenia*, now thou'rt nothing less! O angry Heaven! What hath *Parthenia* done, to be thus punish'd, thus severely plagu'd! Or why not plagu'd alone, if I alone was guilty? Ah me! What now shall poor *Parthenia* do! To whom shall she complain, or whither run to find Relief? Nay, who can give it to her that hopes for Succour only from her Grief? O Death! Must we for ever then be parted; and never, never, never meet again? Or shall *Parthenia* be so unkind to stay behind, and leave her *Argalus*? No, no, my dearest *Argalus*, I'll come: Heaven wants no room, and thither will I follow thee. But *Argalus* reviving from his Swoon, thus took his Farewell of *Parthenia*.

My

*My dear Parthenia,*

Now my Glass is run; the Tapers tell me that the Play is ended, my Days are summ'd, Death seizes on my Heart, and now, alas! our time of parting's come. Yet by my better Hopes, grim Death to Argalus does bring no other Sting, no other Grief but this, That I must leave thee thus before my grateful Actions can pay so much as the bare Interest only due to thy wondrous Merits. But since it pleases Him, to whose high Wisdom it is our Duty always to submit; depend upon his Goodness, and rely upon his Pleasure, whose high Will alone is a sufficient Reason for his Actions; and trust, that one Day we shall meet again, and then shall part no more. Mean while, live happy, my Parthenia, and never doubt but that thy Argalus partakes in Heaven of all thy Joys on Earth; which shall encrease by knowing there, that thou art happy here. Love well the dear Remembrance of thy true and faithful Argalus; and let no Thought renew my last Disgrace; think not the Hand of Providence made me unworthy, tho' unfortunate.

And as he spake that Word, so great a Sigh came from his Heart, as if it had rent in two: And when a parting Kiss had given him Earnest of approaching Happiness, he snatch'd his Sword into his Hand, and said, *O Death! Thou art a Conqueror; and dy'd.*

**C H A P.**

## C H A P. V.

*Parthenia's Sorrow for the Death of Argalus: His Funeral: Parthenia under the Disguise of a Knight, challenges Amphialus to a Combat, in which she is kill'd.*

**P**Arthenia, upon the Death of Argalus, in whom she only liv'd, bow'd down her Head, and fell into a Swoon. Hoping that Death wou'd then have done for her the same kind Office as it did her Husband. But Grief, that like a Lion, loves to play before it kills, gave Death a larger Time, else had Parthenia dy'd: Since Argalus, in whom she only liv'd, was gone before.

But now Amphialus, that all this Space stood like an Idol fasten'd to the Earth, where with a World of Tears he did Lament what his unlucky Hands so late had done. Well knowing that his Words wou'd only aggravate, but not at all wou'd ease her Misery, he thought it Prudence not to speak to her; but only urg'd the Women that came with, to have her to the Ferry; where she with her dead Argalus, embark'd: From whom, till in the Earth he was intomb'd, she wou'd not part a Moment. No sooner was she come to t'other Shoar, but all the Funeral Solemnity of Military Discipline did wait upon the Corpse, whilst in a Melancholy State the Martial Trumpet breathed her doleful sound, and on the Ground their Ensigns all were trail'd. Thus was the most lamentable Corpse convey'd (upon a Chariot overlaid and lin'd with Sable, the outward Signs of Grief, more black than they) unto his House, alas! which then might truly be call'd the House of Mourning, hung all with Black, on such a black Occasion; no longer now the *Palace of Delight*, he being gone that made

it to be so. There let us leave him to receive the Crown, for Vertue and deserv'd Renown prepar'd; leave him for ever in the full Possession of endless Peace, and Rest that ever lasts.

But who shall comfort poor *Parthenia* now? Alas! what Oratory can prevail? Or how can Counsel chuse but blush, to undertake a Task that is so vain? Nay, how can Reason think to move a Heart whose best Relief consists in yielding unto dire Despair? or who can think to stop those Eyes from Weeping, that in their Tears do take so great a Pleasure.

Reader, forbear th' attempting what's in vain; for they that go about to stop her Tears, do only make her Sorrows swell the higher: A Grief that's desperate, still the stronger it grows, the more you do endeavour to oppose it. Leave her to Time and Fortune: Let your Eyes into her Miseries no longer look: True Mourners do affect to weep in private; for they most truly grieve, who grieve alone.

But now the warlike Trumpet sounds again, and unto a new Combat once more summons *Amphialus*: Though *Argalus* be dead, yet there are some alive, that for his Life demand a Satisfaction. And therefore now there's now a new Tragick Scene that opens, to appease the Blood of *Argalus*, the crying Blood of *Argalus*, with Blood.

Know therefore, Courteous Reader, that as soon as stout *Amphialus* had cur'd his Wounds, and had return'd into the Martial Camp, there to maintain the Honour he had got by his last Combat, and to entertain those daring *Challengers* that shou'd demand, and from his Hand shou'd seek for Satisfaction: An armed Knight came prancing over the Field, denouncing War, and breathing forth Disdain. Four Damsels usher'd him, all cloath'd in Black, and four came after, all on Mourning Steeds.



Steeds. His curious Armour was so painted over, with Lively Shadows, that you might perceive the Image of a gaping Sepulchre; about the which were scatter'd here and there some Dead Mens Bones: His Horse was black as Jet; his Furniture was beset round about with Branches slipt from the sad Cypress-Tree; the Bases was embroider'd o'er with Worms; upon his Shield he had for his Impress, a beauteous Child, whose Body had two Heads, whereof the one appear'd quite dead, the other very sick, for Breath did seem to gasp; and underneath this Motto was subscribed, *From Death, by Death*. Being thus arm'd, he sent his daring Challenge to *Amphialus*, who sent as quick a Reply.

Forthwith being summon'd by the Trumpet's sound, they start; but quickly brave *Amphialus* found that the Knight had mist his Rest (not met as yet) scorning to take Advantage, wou'd not let his Lance descend; nor (bravely passing him) encounter his defenceless Enemy. Whereat, the angry Knight, not us'd to meet such unsupportable Mishaps, forsook his white-mouth'd Steed, throwing aside his Lance, to which too partial Fortune had deny'd a fair Success, drew forth his glittering Sword: Whereat *Amphialus*, who scorn'd to take a Conquest by Advantage, esteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd, drew forth his Sword, and for a little space play'd on each other with an equal Fierceness: But herein did *Amphialus* discern more Bravery than Anger; whilst the other betray'd more Spleen, than either Skill or Strength to manage it. So that *Amphialus* with more than wonted Ease, at every Blow batter'd his ill-defended Armour, opening a Door for Death to enter in. And now the Noble Conqueror began to hate so poor a Conquest, and disdain'd to take a Life obtain'd so easily. And mov'd with Pity, stepping back, he staid his unresisted Violence, saying, *Sir Knight, contest*

no more, but take the Peace of your own Passion ;  
 Not the Combat end, nor seek your causeless Ruin ;  
 turn your Arm against those that are really your  
 Enemies ; husband your Life before it be too late ;  
 fall not by him that ne'er deserv'd your Anger.  
 To whom the haughty Knight made this Reply :  
 Thou ly'st, false Traytor, and I here disdain both  
 Words and Mercy. Know, that I despise thee, and to  
 thy Throat my Sword shall turn the Lye. *Amphibalus*  
 at this rude haughty Answer, replied, Uncivill  
 Knight, in nothing Valiant, but in Spight and Spleen,  
 and base Discourtesie ; thou soon shalt know whe-  
 ther or no thy Tongue betrays thy Heart : And as  
 he spake, he gave him such a Wound, as struck  
 him to the Ground immediately ; and with the  
 Fall, his Sword, that now resolv'd to shew no Mer-  
 cy, ran into his Side. That done, he loos'd his  
 Helmet, with Design to make his over-lavish Tongue  
 repent of those Words he had so basely said ; or  
 else resolv'd he soon would make him shorter by  
 the Head.

Who ever saw the illustrious Eye of Noon, send  
 down new-broken from a gloomy Cloud) his Earth-  
 rejoicing Glory, and disclose his Golden Beams up-  
 on the Sons of Day ? Even so, the Helmet being  
 gone, a costly Treasure of unbraided Hair, o'er-  
 spread the Shoulders of the vanquish'd Knight,  
 whose new-discover'd Face did quickly show the  
 Sovereign Beauty of the Fair *Parthenia* ; for she  
 was indeed ; See how she now smiles upon Death,  
 in her blessed Eyes (blest in her best Desires)  
 had now discover'd his Face already, for whose  
 sake she dy'd. The Lillies and the Roses that e'er-  
 while strove in her Cheeks, till they compounded  
 here, have broke their Truce, and unto Blows  
 are fallen ; and see the Lilly hath o'ertome the Rose.  
 Her Alabaster Neck, that did out-go the Doves in  
 Sileence, now are stain'd with Blood, as if the  
 Red,

Red, being banish'd from her Cheeks, had sought Protection there. So full of Sweetness was her dying Face, that Death had not the Power to destroy her Native Beauty.

But now *Amphialus*, in whom Grief and Shame for this unlucky Victory, did challenge an equal Interest prostrate upon the Earth, accus'd his Hour of Birth, his Sword, his Arm, casting his *Helmet* and his *Gauntlet* by, to testify his undissembled Tears. But finding her Condition call'd more for *Help* than *Grief*, (tho' both too late) crept on his Knees, and begging Pardon of her, offer'd what *Help* his Hands were capable of giving her. Whereto *Parthenia* (whose *Breath* now near expiring) gave speedy Signs of that approaching Death which she so much desir'd, turning her fix'd Eyes upon *Amphialus*, bespoke him thus: Sir, You have done enough, and require no more: (if *Enemies* may ask a Boon) I crave: and that is, Sir, to be untouch'd by you. And as for Honour, all that I desire, is not to purchase Honour from your Hand: No, no, 'twas no such Bargain made, that he should e'er help me that kill'd my *Argalus*; my *Argalus*, whom I shall now again enjoy, and with him ever shall abide. And there she tainted, just as if the Clock of Death before it struck, had given Warning. But soon returning to herself again, Welcome sweet, Death, said she, whose pleasant Rain shall crown this Soul with everlasting Peace: Come, come, and welcome I attend thy *Lossure*. O do me not that Wrong as to delay; My *Argalus* will chide I fear so long. O now it is I feel the Gordian Knot of Life untied: O Heavens, into your Hands I recommend my better Part, and hope to find you much more merciful than just: yet just withal: O Death, O Life, I call you both to witness, that this *Breath* now drew a Blast of Comfort since the time that my Beloved *Argalus* went hence. O thou Eternal Pa

er ! Shrowd all my Faults beneath the Milk-white  
Veil of thy unbounded Mercy. And when my  
Tongue shall cease to speak — O then — And as  
she spoke, O then, she ceas'd from speaking : For  
then the fatal Sisters did divide her tender Twine of  
Life, and she expir'd.

So dy'd *Parthenia*, in whose closed Eyes there  
lies a World of Beauty and Perfection ; which (as  
a thing Divine) is lock'd up by Angels from the  
View of Mortals : Mean while her Vertues shine  
in perfect Bliss, having unto the World bequeath'd  
the Store of Earth's Perfection, for the Mouth of  
Fame to consecrate to her Immortal Memory.

---

FINIS.



cap 9

10

50